







PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

BY
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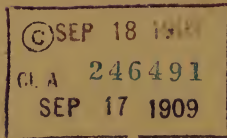
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JANUARY

GIFTS FOR A BABY

THE first requisites of a gift for a baby are bright color and softness, and nothing combines these so successfully as worsted balls.

One way to make a worsted ball is to take two circular pieces of cardboard about four inches in diameter. Cut in the center of each a hole as large as a dime, and then thread a needle with a long piece of worsted. Have the worsted thread very long, and have it doubled.

Lay the two pieces of cardboard together, and put the needle through the hole again and again, bringing it around the outer edge of the cardboard until the worsted is all used up. Then thread your needle again, fasten the new worsted neatly to the old, and repeat the performance un-

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til the hole is entirely filled up, and the cardboard covered by a great puff of worsted.

Now carefully slip one point of a pair of scissors through the worsted at the outer rim of the circles and between the two cards cut the worsted all around the edge. Then, separating the cards slightly, tie a strong, fine bit of twine between them and tightly round the worsted center.

Then tear off the cardboards and the worsted will spring into shape making a round soft, fluffy ball. If need be, trim it a bit, here and there, with the scissors, to insure a true shape. The ball may be of one or two colors; or all colors may be used, making a bright, gay effect sure to please a baby of taste and judgment.

Another way to make a worsted ball is to crochet in any close stitch a small circle, adding row on row until you have a round mat a couple of inches wide. As you proceed, narrow slightly each succeeding row until the crocheting puckers and forms a cup-like hemisphere. Into this put a ball of worsted, smoothly wound. Then complete the crocheted spherical cover for the ball, keeping it inside. Several of these may be

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made, each of a different color, and about as large as a small peach. Then crochet a chain stitch string to each, and join the strings together with a ribbon bow, or loops of worsted, thus making a bunch of balls.

After color, for the baby's entertainment, comes sound, and his first introduction to mechanical sounds is usually by means of a rattle.

A pretty one may be made by buying a cheap tin rattle. Cover it neatly with a layer of cotton batting, after which twist the handle with a satin ribbon—a striped one is prettiest—and cover the drum with the same colored ribbon put on smoothly and puckered at the ends, where it is finished by a tiny bow or rosette.

Another rattle is made of tiny brass or nickel bells, each fastened to the end of a narrow ribbon which is attached to an ivory or celluloid ring, or to the end of a ribbon wound stick.

Quite as noisy as a rattle is a tambourine. This may be made by procuring a flat wooden hoop, or making a hoop of a strip of heavy pasteboard about an inch wide and fifteen inches long. Stretch a round piece of silk or satin over the

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top and cover the rim with satin ribbon. At intervals attach tiny bells.

Another toy is made by taking one of the small Japanese doll heads that may be found in any fancy work store, and fastening it securely to a stick about eight inches long. Then make a full puff of bright silk and arrange it like a blouse. Add a lace collar and a row of tiny bells, and unless the stick is ornamental of itself, twine it with ribbons.

Of all toys perhaps none is so dear to the infant heart as a rag doll. And the finest inhabitant of rag doll-dom it was ever my pleasure to meet was a gay individual named Harry. He was only one of many dozens which were turned out by a dear old lady of my acquaintance, who made them for all her own grandchildren, and all of her neighbors' grandchildren. These dolls were all exactly alike and were all named Harry.

To make one, you must first cut from stout cotton cloth two pieces in the semblance of the human figure. Sew them together all around the edges except at the top of the head, where

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an opening is left by which the doll is to be turned right side out. Stuff it with small rags.

You may make the features on the rag face as artistic as you please. They may be drawn or painted, or indicated by stitches of silk or thread. This hero is then treated to a wig made from raveled wool that has been tightly knit. His costume, which in the original Harrys never varied, was a pair of red cashmere trousers, with stripes of gilt braid; a blouse-like coat or roundabout of blue cloth with gilt braid and tiny gilt buttons; a cocked hat made of black cloth, with a bit of a red feather, which was securely sewed to his head. His shoes were also of black cloth, shaped like his feet, and he had a wide white collar. What was the secret of his enormous and instantaneous success, I don't know, but if you would make an infant superlatively happy, give him a Harry.

A carriage pillow is beautifully made from two linen handkerchiefs. Select women's handkerchiefs, hemstitched, and with or without a tiny wreath of embroidery. Sew these together on three sides, having first let in a ruffle of sheer

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nainsook embroidery. On the fourth side arrange small buttons and buttonholes that the slip may easily be laundered. Make a pillow of cotton batting covered with pale colored China silk to slip into the case.

A useful gift is a cape made of white cashmere of very light weight. Cut the garment circular, with a little hood shaped like those seen on golf capes. Line both cape and hood with light blue China silk and sew blue ribbons at the neck.

Remember always that anything intended for a baby's use must be made of soft, fine materials and put together with scrupulous neatness. And although an excessive use of scent is not to be commended, yet a sprinkling of violet sachet powder or orris root enhances the effect of the small garments or trinkets. Indeed, a graceful gift is simply a few envelopes, decorated in any tasteful way, or having the baby's name written across them in gilt letters, filled with a piece of cotton wadding cut to fit and sprinkled with sachet powder. These may be sealed or tied up.

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with a bit of ribbon, and are very pretty to lay among the baby's little clothes.

A gift that requires time and patience, though it is not difficult to make, is a scrap rug. Get a large piece of heavy cloth about two yards square. A gray blanket may be chosen instead, or even a red one, if the baby has very gay tastes.

Then cut out horses and pigs and chickens and the letters of the alphabet and birds and butterflies and indeed any shapes you can think of, from turkey red calico and appliqué them to the blanket with buttonhole stitches. Or if you can find animals or other figures printed on calico or silk, cut them out and use them. Old-fashioned chintz or cretonne offers a variety of subjects. And a cat of plain turkey red may be made beautiful by features, claws and whiskers judiciously applied with a needle threaded with black embroidery silk. The edge of the blanket may be bound with scarlet ribbon, or if it is a square of cloth it may be lined and quilted and then bound. And when spread upon the floor for his majesty to romp on, he will pick out his favorite picture with shrieks of delight.

FEBRUARY

HOME-MADE VALENTINES

HALF the fun of valentines lies in the making of them. 'Way back in the days of our grandmothers, the quaintly folded missive with its spidery writing carried more true sentiment than the gorgeous machine made marvels of to-day.

So why not return to the simpler fashion and make the pretty trifles that shall carry loving messages to our friends on the fourteenth of February?

But to make really good valentines requires time, patience, and scrupulous neatness. Embroidery may be slighted, sewing may be hurried, but paste work *must* be carefully done, or an unsightly botch is the result.

The nearest approach to the original lace pa-

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per valentine may be made from the lace papers that are sold in the caterers' shops to serve ices on.

Or, if you have fortunately saved the lace papers which have come to you in boxes of bonbons, you will find them even more filmy and beautiful for this purpose. Let us suppose that you have one of the latter kind about four by five inches in size; such a one as comes on a pound box of candy.

Take a sheet of thick, smooth writing paper, unruled, and cut it exactly the size of your lace paper. Then cut away one leaf of your writing paper, leaving, however, a margin one-eighth of an inch wide. On this fold paste the lace paper, being extremely careful that it fits exactly, and covers every speck of the writing paper.

Now, if there is a dealer's name (as there usually is) in the middle of the lace paper, paste over it a "scrap picture" of flowers or birds or a cupid, or any other appropriate design.

In the corners, or above and below, or either side of the central picture, paste tiny scrap pictures of flowers or birds or hearts. You may

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use your own taste about placing the pictures, but do not put on too many, as the lace paper is ornamental of itself.

If the lace paper seems too thin, line it with a pale blue or green tissue paper, plain, of course, not crinkled.

Between the lace paper and the lining, you may place at each corner a circular piece of gold or silver paper cut the size of a penny. Or, as is often the case, if the lace paper is patterned in hearts or medallions, cut a gilt or silver or colored paper to match and paste it under the lace.

If the lace is lined with colored paper, they must be carefully fastened together all round the edge, and also wherever the pictures are pasted on.

On the inside, or writing paper page, a verse of poetry may be written. You can find charming verses in old valentines, or you can hunt them up in books of quotations from the poets, or you may use some of these:

True as strong and strong as true
Is my earnest love for you.

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'Tis the day the love birds mate ;
Smile on me, and bless my fate.

When Cupid's dart
Shall strike your heart,
Oh, may his arrow be
This valentine from me !

Here's a message, just a line,
Will you be my valentine?

If you use the lace paper from the caterer's, you will find a large bit of plain paper in the center. This may be covered *exactly* with gilt paper, upon which a scrap picture may then be pasted.

A pretty trick of the valentine makers is to raise the scrap picture from its background a trifle. This is done by mounting it upon a spring instead of pasting it down flat. A spring is a tiny bit of paper folded tightly in two or more creases.

Cut your paper a bit narrower than the picture it is to support, and three times as long as its own width. Then fold it forward and back as though for pleating, and crease it hard. Paste the outside of the top fold to the back of the picture and then paste the outside of the bottom fold firmly in place on the foundation paper.

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There are other kinds of valentines that have no lace paper or springs about them. Some are made of cards, either plain or folded. A good foundation for a valentine is to take a fine Bristol board card four by eight inches in size, ragged edged or gilt edged, or with just a plain bevel edge, and make of it a little three part screen whose two outer leaves fold together over its middle one. To do this, turn it over, and on the back of it measure carefully one-quarter of its length from each end, and run lines across.

With a dull knife score half way through the cardboard along the lines that mark the divisions. This makes flexible leaves at each end. Then turn these leaves forward until they close over the center panel. Cut slits in the middle of the folding leaves, and thread a narrow ribbon in them, which may be tied round the whole affair when closed. With this beginning, many a clever valentine can be contrived.

For instance, if you have saved any four leaved clovers from last summer, paste one on the center panel and write underneath:

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A little pressed leaf
On this card I have stuck.
To tell you, my friend,
That I wish you Good Luck.

Or, if you wish to confine yourself to the traditional emblems, get some old fashioned candy hearts, the kind that have mottoes on them in tiny red letters. With a sharp awl make a hole in one corner and tie a heart to the center panel of your card by a bit of blue ribbon. Write under it the verse:

I send to you this heart of mine,
For I'm your own true Valentine.

If the motto on the heart is not especially pretty, the heart may be gilded with gold paint. Then this verse may be used:

Here's my heart as good as gold
Bringing to you love untold.

Instead of one, you may tie to the card two hearts side by side:

These two hearts are yours and mine,
If you'll be my Valentine.

Or two tied with the same ribbon:

Two hearts with but a single bond,
Filled with fancies dear and fond.

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Of course, in this latter case the hearts should show the printed sentiments.

Instead of writing the verses with pen and ink, they may be done with liquid gold paint and a fine brush or pen. Or colored inks or paints can be used.

A humorous valentine may be made by pasting a chestnut on a card, and writing above it "The same old" and below "Will you be my valentine?" When you do this, split the chestnut first and stick the flat side to the card.

A tiny arrow may be cut from cardboard, gilded, and tied to the card with the following lines:

This small space is very narrow
But it holds a cupid's arrow;
'Tis a symbol of Love's dart,
May it pierce your loving heart.

If your fair lady is perverse, paste a penny to your card and write:

A penny for your thoughts,
Not much, as you see;
But I do not believe
You are thinking of me.

A valentine novelty which is easy to make is a queen of hearts selected from a pack of cards

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(preferably the very small cards used for playing solitaire) and mounted on a pretty card. Sometimes two cards may be used for a mount, one a smaller one placed diamond wise on the other.

These may be ragged edged or gilt edged cards, and the following couplet may be written or traced in gilt, with the queen of hearts pasted at the end of the couplet:

Wounded by Cupid's gentle darts
I turn to thee, my queen of hearts.

Or an ace of hearts may be used, and a tiny arrow may be drawn or gilded as if piercing the heart. These card valentines are very easily made and often cause much merriment.

A pretty little valentine that is also a useful gift is made by taking an ordinary envelope of thick, fine paper, and decorating it in any way that may occur to you. If you can paint, you may scatter sprays of forgetmenots, or violets all over it, or you can simply gild a border and a motto, or decorate it with a heart shape. Then cut a piece of cotton wadding, just a trifle smaller than the envelope. Split this and sprin-

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kle with sachet powder, then lay the halves together again and slip it in the envelope. Seal the envelope, and tie a white or violet ribbon round it, and you have a valentine that may be laid among handkerchiefs or gloves and serve as a pleasant reminder all the year round.

Although you may not be an artist, there are many things you can do with a paint brush if you try. A small box of water color paints may be bought cheaply, and a bottle of liquid gold paint is also inexpensive. With these you may paint on an envelope or card valentine a flight of winged hearts in deep red and pale yellow—and write among them:

Hearts have wings on St. Valentine's Day.
They fly to each other from far away.

The lettering may be done in gold or color.

If you begin to make valentines many pretty fancies will suggest themselves to you, and many bits of material can be found in unexpected places. For instance, the silver papers that wrap the little "chocolate bricks" sold at the railway stations, or in the slot machines, can be smoothed

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out by rolling a lead pencil over them, and then they are very useful under your lace papers.

The gilt or silver ornaments that come on tarlatan or fine muslin may be obtained from many drygoods merchants. The lace paper which is found in the edges of candy boxes or boxes of toilet soap can be used in various ways.

MARCH

H O M E - M A D E C A N D I E S

WHEN the March winds are blowing so hard that there is really no pleasure in going out of doors, why not stay in the house and make candy? To begin with you must provide yourself with the sugar that is known as confectioners' XXX sugar.

If your local grocer does not keep this, ask him to get a few pounds for you. It is not any more expensive than other sugars and may be bought at any large grocery.

However, if you cannot get confectioners' sugar, you need not give up your candy, as ordinary powdered sugar may be used, though the results are not so good.

Supposing, then, that you have the right kind

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of sugar, provide yourself also with some English walnuts, cracked and picked out without breaking; some almonds, cracked and blanched, and, by the way, if you do not know how to blanch almonds, I will stop right here and tell you.

Place the shelled almonds in a bowl and cover them with *boiling* water. Let them stand about five minutes, then pour off the water, and you will find that you can easily remove the brown skins, leaving white or blanched almonds.

If you want a great many kinds of candy you can also have in readiness a cocoanut grated, a bottle of essence of peppermint, a cake of unsweetened chocolate, some dates, raisins, and figs.

And now to get to work at all these good things.

Into a good sized earthen bowl put the white of one egg. With a silver or wooden spoon stir this about a little and then add a cupful of your confectioners' sugar. But do not dump it all in at once; add it gradually, sprinkling in a little at a time and stirring all the while.

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You must have also in readiness half a cupful of orange juice, squeezed and strained. Now take another cupful of sugar and add this and the orange juice alternately to your mixture, beating it hard at the same time. Now if it is a thick soft paste, it is done, but if it is too soft to mold into a ball, you must add more sugar. If you get it too stiff, you can add a little more orange juice, but test it by making a tiny ball, and use the paste just as soft as possible, for it hardens slightly after it is finished.

This cream that you have made is called fondant, and is used as a foundation for many varieties of candy.

First you may make some of it up into balls about the size of a hickory nut. Then take the two halves of an English walnut and press one on each side of your cream ball. These are cream walnuts, and are one of the most satisfactory kinds of candy to make.

Next, make up some of your fondant into oval rolls about an inch long. Take a date from which the seed has been removed and wrap the opened date round the cream roll, so that a strip of the

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white candy shows down one side of the date. Smaller candies may be made by treating raisins in the same manner.

Creamed almonds are made by taking a blanched almond, placing it in a small bit of fondant, and then rolling it round in your hands until the nut is entirely covered and you have a smooth, round ball. Hazelnuts may be covered in the same way.

In fact, your own ingenuity will suggest many varieties of these creamed candies, as almost any fruit or nut may be used, or a bit of citron or fig or preserved ginger.

Another simple and very satisfactory bonbon is the chocolate cream drop.

Roll your fondant into tiny balls with your finger tips, and lay them aside on a plate. Now place a cupful of unsweetened chocolate, shaved with a knife into small shreds, in a saucepan and melt it over a moderate fire. When it is melted, set the saucepan in a bowl of very hot water to keep the chocolate soft, and with a fork roll your cream balls in it until they are thoroughly coated. Do them one at a time, remove them

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carefully with the fork and place on tin pans to dry. The tins need not be greased, as the chocolate will not stick.

If you are fond of chocolate covered confections, nearly all of the kinds I have told you about above may be dipped in melted chocolate. Be sure to let them drip well before you transfer them to the tins.

Now, of course, all the candy we have talked of so far is slightly flavored with orange. If you like a stronger orange flavor, add some grated orange rind, but if you prefer other flavors there are many at your disposal.

Coffee flavoring is very good, and for this use half a cupful of clear weak coffee instead of the orange juice.

Or if vanilla is desired, put two teaspoonfuls of vanilla in a cup and add clear cold water until the cup is half full.

To make cream peppermints use a half cup of water containing one or two teaspoonfuls of essence of peppermint, according as you like the flavor, weak or strong. Then roll out your fondant as if it were dough for cookies, and with

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the top of a salt shaker, or the end of an apple corer, cut out tiny round cakes. The scraps that are left can be kneaded up, rolled out and cut again until it is all used. These are particularly good when dipped in the melted chocolate, and are a close imitation of the bought candy.

Nougat may be made by chopping together any kinds of fruit and nuts and mixing them with an equal quantity of soft fondant. Knead this into a flat cake about an inch thick and cut into strips and then crossways into cubes.

Cocoanut balls are made in the same way. Stir grated cocoanut into your fondant, roll into small balls and, if you wish, dip into melted chocolate.

For cocoanut cakes have your fondant very soft, stir in some grated cocoanut, and ladle it out by spoonfuls on a greased tin pan. It must be soft enough to settle into flat cakes.

There are many kinds of candy that are not made from fondant, and some of the best are made of brown sugar, but not the light brown sugar which the grocers call C sugar. Ask for

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the darkest brown, a sugar that is almost black, and very moist and sticky.

Take one and one-half pounds of this dark brown sugar, mix with it a piece of butter about the size of an egg, and a cupful of milk. Cook this mixture until it is very thick, then take it from the fire and beat it with a wooden spoon until it is cool, almost cold. Then add a large cupful of black walnut meats, chopped small and sprinkled with salt. Spread this half an inch thick on a greased tin and cut into small squares. Any other nuts will do, but are not so good as black walnuts.

Another good candy very easy to make is called "fudge." Into a saucepan put one quarter pound of unsweetened chocolate cut into small bits, two cups of granulated sugar, one small cup of milk and a bit of butter as large as an egg. Also a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. After this mixture begins to boil, boil it exactly seven minutes, stirring it all the time. Then remove from the fire and beat it until it is cold. Pour it into greased tins, leaving it about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut it into squares.

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To make peanut brittle, boil a quart of New Orleans molasses for half an hour, stirring it all the time. Then add a half teaspoonful of baking soda. Test the candy by dropping a little into a cup of cold water. If it grows hard and brittle at once, it is done. Add the juice of a half lemon and then stir in all the shelled peanuts it will hold. Pour this mixture into a greased tin and with the other half of the lemon smooth it out into a very thin sheet.

Finally, here is a very good receipt for chocolate caramels. One cup of chocolate, shaved thin or grated; one cup of molasses; one cup of sugar (brown preferred); one half cup of milk; one quarter cup of butter; mix all well together and boil for a half hour or so until it hardens in cold water. Stir all the time. When done, pour into buttered tins, and when partly cool, mark off, with a knife, into squares.

These candies, especially the cream candies, make very acceptable birthday gifts or luncheon favors.

APRIL

E A S T E R T O Y S

EASTER is so ancient a festival that it requires a good deal of ingenuity to plan new decorations for it. Our grandmothers exhausted the possibility of novelty in the dyed egg, and long before our grandmothers the little pagans of Greece and Rome played with eggs at the time of their yearly festival.

Still, neither the girls and boys of Rome and Greece nor those of the early Christian days would have known how to manufacture an egg Humpty Dumpty such as *Alice* saw in her visit to Wonderland. *Alice* and her friends are comparatively new even if Easter eggs are not.

Boil the egg for twenty minutes. Then paint a face on the upper half, representing a collar

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and cravat with white paper, and silk or ribbon. The arms and hands must be drawn on paper and then cut out and pasted on the egg at the proper place. They may have tissue paper sleeves. For the feet, get a pair of tiny doll's shoes, and put them on legs of twisted paper. Both arms and legs will be more manageable if a fine wire is used for their foundation.

Humpty Dumpty ought to be perched on something representing a wall, and a box of candy may be painted like brick or stone for this purpose.

Instead of hard boiled eggs you may use blown eggs, or egg shells. To prepare these you may make a pinhole at each end of an egg and force the contents out at one end by blowing in at the other. But this is a difficult and uncertain method, and an easier way is to make a hole the size of a pea at one end and gently shake out the yolk and white through the hole. After it is empty wash the egg shell by rinsing it many times with cold water, and then leave it to drain until it is thoroughly dry.

Prepare what is called *confetti* by cutting up

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tissue paper into bits as small as you possibly can. Scent these by spraying them slightly with perfumery. Then stuff a clean dry egg shell as full as it will hold of *confetti*, and cover the hole in the end with a bit of gilt paper, or one of the red or green seals such as are used on legal documents. Decorate the egg otherwise in any way you wish, and when the time comes to use it, say to your victim, "Now I am going to crush this egg right over your head, and it is not a hard boiled egg, either." The shower of scented paper, instead of the dreaded raw egg, will be a very welcome surprise.

Instead of paper, the egg shells may be filled with tiny candies or comfits, and sealed up as before. These are appropriate for gifts or for children's parties.

A funny little toy is called a Tombola, and is made by painting a face on an empty egg shell. In this case the hole should be made in the small end, which is the top of the head. Into the shell drop about a teaspoonful of small shot, and then pour in some melted wax. Let this harden and the shot will be safely secured in the large end of

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the egg. Then seal up the hole at the top, and glue over it a little round cap of red flannel. The Tombola, if stood on his cap, or laid on his ear, will immediately restore himself to his proper position.

A very pretty toy, but one which requires much care and patience to make, is an egg shell tea set. The teapot is made from an egg shell set upright and fastened to a button mold base. The spout is made of paper twisted like a lamp lighter, and the handle of a narrow strip of stiff paper or thin cardboard glued to their respective positions. The cover is designated by a line of ink or paint, and a glass bead is glued on at the top.

The cream pitcher is made from a smaller egg shell, with base and handle the same, but with a spout of paper formed like the spout of a pitcher. For the pitcher, the top of the egg must be neatly cut off, and the edge bound with a strip of gilt paper carefully pasted on. The sugar bowl is like the teapot, but smaller, and with a handle on each side, and no spout.

If desired, cups may be made of birds' eggs or

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bantam's eggs, like the pitcher, but without a spout. All the button mold standards must be gilded, and the whole set decorated with gilt or color.

MAY

A DOLL'S MAY PARTY

ALTHOUGH the first of May is not always a pleasant day for a picnic in the woods, a May party such as I am going to tell you about is never affected by the weather. First you must get a wooden box, about three by four feet in size, and about four or five inches deep.

Fill this box nearly full of white beach sand. If you cannot get white sand, brown sand will do, or even ordinary earth.

Now plan out paths across the sand, and cover the rest neatly and closely with green moss brought from the woods. Trim the edges of the moss smoothly, so that the paths will be nicely shaped. Pack the sand down hard in the paths, and if you have a quantity of small pebbles, lay them along the edges of the paths.

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Select your prettiest moss for the playground in the center, and in the middle of it raise your May pole. This is made of a round stick about twelve inches long, and twisted with gay colored ribbons, put on smoothly like the stripes of a barber pole.

Next make a ring of wire, six inches in diameter. Wind this also with ribbon, and suspend it from the top of the pole by fastening six ribbons to it at equal distances, and fastening the other ends of the ribbons to the top of the pole. If the ribbons are four inches long, the circle will hang gracefully from the pole. Then add six ribbons to hang from the hoop to the ground. The ribbon should be about three-eighths of an inch wide, and it may be tacked to the top of the pole with a single small tack, which will hold all six of the ribbons. Where the ribbons join the wire hoop they must be sewed. Plant the May pole firmly in the center of the moss, letting it go down through the sand as well. If it is not perfectly firm, fasten it with a nail driven into it up through the bottom of the box.

Next we will consider the pond. This may be

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made in two ways. Perhaps the prettier way is to use a piece of looking glass either oval or of irregular shape. Sink it pretty well into the moss, and lay some tiny bits of moss around the glass to cover the edge. On this pond may be placed toy ducks or swans, but if you want to have a boat, you must make a pond of real water.

To do this, sink a flat bowl or tin pan into the moss and sand until the rim can be covered by the edges of the moss. Cover the bottom of the pan with pebbles and sand, and fill the pan with water. Then set a toy boat afloat on it, and tie it to a stake at the side of the pond; and place on the pond wooden ducks or swans that will float.

In another corner of the grounds you may build a summer house or rustic arbor. For rustic work, the prettiest material to use is Norway spruce; dry the branches well and the green needles will all drop off, leaving beautiful bare twigs. Of these, all kinds of rustic seats and arbors may be constructed.

For a simple arbor, make two arches of the

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spruce twigs, and set them up about four inches apart. Then join them by more twigs, put on horizontally and fastened to the arches at each end. Weave this all in and out with bits of asparagus fern, and the result is a lovely little arbor.

A more elaborate summer house can be made by making six or eight arches of the spruce twigs. Fasten the sides of the arches together, two and two, thus forming a round house. Make a roof by fastening a twig to the top point of each arch, and bringing them all together in the center (like the top of the May pole), and then interlace asparagus green all around the twigs.

Rustic chairs and settees may be made, and dotted around the grounds wherever you please. These seats are not very stable, but if a piece of a hairpin is fastened inside of the twig that forms each leg, they will be strong enough for dolls to sit on.

For a chair take a bit of gold or silver perforated cardboard about an inch square. Put a piece of twig on each side of this, forming a sort

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of frame around it, and sewing it over and over with light brown silk. Do not let the stitches show more than is necessary. This makes the seat; next fasten a piece of twig at each corner for a leg, sewing it firmly to the seat.

The back may be any graceful shape your fancy may suggest. Two twigs crossed like an X, or a twig bent round into a circle, may be fastened in place, and if you choose you can add arms at the sides. A settee is made like a chair, but with the seat oblong instead of square.

Trees may be provided in various ways. You may use the ready-made trees, such as are found in "Noah's Arks," or you may get well shaped bits of evergreen, and, by the way, if you care for a hedge along the back of your grounds, small branches of arbor vitæ make the best kind of a one. Lovely trees can be made from two or three branchy twigs of Norway spruce (bare) and foliage of asparagus fern tied on in bunches.

Still other trees can be formed with twisted wire for trunks and branches; then cover the trunks with dark brown tissue paper, and for leaves cut green tissue paper into coarse fringe,

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crinkle it up, and sew or glue it to the branches.

Other decorations may be made by painting a good sized pill box to look like a green tub. Paint the box dark green, with two black bands around it; fill it with sand or earth, and plant in it a flowering plant made of large green tissue paper leaves, and bright blossoms.

A whole flower bed may be made, if you choose, in this manner. Construct a flower garden from an oval mound of sand. Plant it full of, say, tulips. Each plant must have two or three long, narrow leaves made of green tissue paper, and a bright red or yellow flower.

These flowers need not be made with great care. Take a long, narrow strip of tissue paper, fold it many times, and then cut the top in a rounded point. When opened this will appear like a long strip of scallops. Tear off a piece containing five or six of these scallops, and roll it loosely into the semblance of a flower. Twist up the bottom of it and fasten it to a wire stem, which stick into the flower bed to represent a tulip. Tiny flowers may also be stuck into the green of the arbor with good effect.

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A hammock is easily made, and may be slung between two trees, if the trees are made strongly and are well planted in the sand. Take a piece of red ribbon about two and a half inches wide and five inches long. Make a hem in each end, and through the hems run little sticks of wood (matches will do), letting the ends come out slightly beyond the silk. To these ends tie two red cords, making little grooves in the wood, that the cords may not slip off.

Another contrivance is an "old oaken bucket." A pasteboard or wooden box about two inches square, and without top or bottom, must be painted to resemble a well curb made of rough boards. At the side of this stick into the moss and sand a pole that will rise about eight inches above ground. This pole must be branched like a Y at the top, to admit another stick, which must be fastened by a pin put through like a rivet. To one end of this stick tie a small stone, and from the other hang a tiny bucket.

A swing is simply made by two upright sticks, a crosspiece at the top, and a swing of heavy twine, or silk cord, with a board fastened to it.

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After you have played with this summer scene until you are tired of it, an entire change may be effected by taking away the May pole, changing the carriage to a sleigh, and dressing the dolls in winter attire. Then sift flour lightly over all, and you have a snow scene, the very sight of which makes you shiver.

JUNE

A GIRL'S GIFT TO A GIRL GRADUATE

A SMALL friend of mine, who has seen several successive sisters graduated, has taken a great deal of delight on each commencement occasion in summing up the gifts received by the "sweet girl graduate." And these gifts my wise young friend always divides into what she calls "flowers" and "material presents."

Some years ago the baskets and bunches of flowers far outnumbered the "material presents," but recently it is becoming the custom to make the commencement gift a more lasting souvenir.

Although ornaments and trinkets are often given, books find decided favor in the eyes of

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the recipient. And a most delightful, and always welcome, gift is the book I am going to tell you about, which, besides being acceptable on its own merits, may be the handiwork of a friend of the girl graduate.

It is intended as a "Memorabilia," or scrapbook of the past school or college life, and may be as plain or as elaborate as the maker chooses.

First you must get a blank book, and here you may exercise your own taste and judgment. It may be handsomely bound, with gilt edges, or be plain and unpretentious. A good plan is to get a regular "scrapbook," as then if dried flowers or other bulky articles are inserted the covers will not bulge nor be disfigured. If, however, you decide to use an ordinary blank book, it is well to cut out groups of four or six leaves at intervals, and so achieve the same result.

If you have an average amount of artistic talent proceed to design on the outside of the cover the title of the book, which is, "A Day in June."

This may be gilded or painted on the book

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cover, or it may be done on a paper label which can then be carefully pasted on.

Another plan is to cover the book very neatly with plain gray linen, or with silk, on which the title may have been embroidered or painted. Then open the book, and leaving one or two blank "fly-leaves," place the title again in the middle of the next page. All of the lettering may be done in simple script, or in any more elaborate fashion of which you may be capable. The title may be inclosed in a floral or conventional border, if you wish.

On the next leaf (all the contents should be on the right-hand pages only) arrange a decoration that shall contain a blank space large enough to hold a cabinet photograph, and another small blank space for an autograph. These are intended to hold the picture and name of the recipient of the book, and below them may be written or engrossed the following quotation:

"An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn."—*Shakespeare*.

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If you can draw a little, or if you have some artist friend who will assist you, the next page may be made very attractive. In the middle place the quotation:

“The world is so full of a number of things,
I’m sure we should all be as happy as kings.”

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Around this make marginal sketches of books, fans, flowers, teacups, pictures, a bicycle, a boat, a banjo, a golf stick, or any special hint of the recreation your friend is most fond of.

The next page is devoted to a picture of the schoolhouse or the college buildings. Leave a good-sized blank space, and around it have a wreath of leaves, or a framelike decoration of any kind, and under it a small space where the name of the building may be written. If you prefer, you can paste in the photograph of the schoolhouse yourself; or you may leave that to be done by the future owner of the book. Under this design write:

“Still sits the schoolhouse by the road.”

—*Whittier.*

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The next page is planned for photographs of the teachers. Arrange a group of bordered spaces for as many photographs as the graduate has favored teachers, and use this quotation:

“I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends.”
—*Shakespeare.*

Next arrange a page for the teachers' autographs. This may be merely a series of lines indicating a place for each name. A pretty border should surround the whole, and beneath may be this line:

“Taught thee each hour one thing or other.”
—*Shakespeare.*

Next a large blank for the “class photograph.” This should have a graceful floral border and the legend beneath:

“A bevy of fair women.”—*Milton.*

Then a page for the autographs of the class

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members, with the following or any other apt quotation :

. . . companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love.
—*Shakespeare.*

Next arrange a space where may be displayed the class colors. These may be painted in, or bits of ribbon may be sewed or pasted in place. A pretty conceit is to sketch a flag-pole, and at the top attach a tiny silk flag representing the chosen colors :

“Thoughts, master, are masked under such colors.”—*Shakespeare.*

The next page contains the class motto. For a change, put the quotation at the top of this page :

“The motto, thus——.”—*Shakespeare.*

Then comes the class flower. In the space for this, leave room for a pressed flower, or a painted

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representation of it. For this page the following quotation will serve:

“Hast thou the flower there?”—*Shakespeare.*

Now a page for the “class yell.” If the “yell” is a musical one draw a staff and represent the requisite notes on it. If it is simply a spoken jargon print it in bright colors, with comic illustrations of heads apparently screaming with all their might, or any other funny conceit that may occur to you. If faces are beyond your skill a crowing hen is a humorous idea. Write below either of these two lines:

“With timorous accent and dire yell.”

—*Shakespeare.*

“I should think your tongue had broken its chain.”—*Longfellow.*

On the next page leave a large space for “Grinds.” Schoolgirls always have plenty of these. A jester’s stick with cap and bells would

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be a most appropriate decoration, and the quotation might be:

“A college joke to cure the dumps.”

—*Dean Swift.*

On the next page is to be pasted a copy of the Class-Day Program. As the size of this is uncertain, you may content yourself with tiny decorations in the corners of the page, and the line:

“To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time.”

—*Shakespeare.*

Next comes a space for a simple bit of the commencement gown. If this is of the traditional white muslin a charming effect may be arranged by encircling it with a decoration of tiny flowers, gloves, slippers, lace handkerchiefs, and any accessories of the costume. Or if the graduate belongs to one of the colleges in which the cap and gown is worn a Portia-like maiden may be designed and literally dressed in a black silk gown and mortarboard. Use this quotation:

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“and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffodilly.”

—*Tennyson*.

Then a page may be arranged for newspaper clippings. As these, like the program, are an uncertain quantity, have a slight decoration, say a corner sketch of ink-bottle and quills, or a pair of clipping shears and a paste-pot. Then quote:

“Praise me not too much,
Nor blame me, for thou speakest to the Greeks,
Who know me.”—*Bryant's Homer's Iliad*.

If other subjects occur to you, of course they may be added at will. Then on the last page write either of the following quotations:

“Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long.”

—*Charles Kingsley*.

“The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said.”—*Jean Ingelow*.

Any girl who may wish to make such a book as I have described, and yet put the least possible

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expense and time on it, may succeed in her desire by omitting the art work entirely. Inclose the blanks for photographs, autographs, etc., in plain straight lines, carefully and neatly drawn; write the quotations with no attempt at fancy letters, and you will still have an acceptable gift-book and one that cannot fail to please.

On the other hand, you who wish to elaborate on my description may easily do so by adding illuminated borders, full-page sketches, large and handsome initial letters, and all the embellishments that may occur to you. You may also write poems on alternate leaves. A good one for this purpose is Robert Browning's stanza from "Pippa Passes," beginning:

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!"

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Others are Sidney Lanier's "A Song of the Future," Samuel Rogers's "The Old School-house," Charles Kingsley's "A Farewell," and James Whitcomb Riley's "A Life-Lesson."

Of course, in the choice of all the quotations, and in the style of decoration, you should be guided by the tastes of the girl for whom the book is intended, using quotations from her favorite authors.

But in whatever way the scheme is carried out, the result is almost certain to be a "material present" that will give more satisfaction than a basket-load of flowers, because of the love and thought which it will evidence.

JULY

A DOLL'S MARKET

A PLEASANT July afternoon is a most appropriate time to hold a doll market, and a goodly sum of money may be realized for charitable or other objects by the sale of beautiful, novel, or comical dolls.

You may arrange your market out of doors, like a garden party, with tents or booths in which to display your wares, or you may utilize a piazza or vine-clad veranda for the purpose.

If money making is your object, ask every one of your friends to give you a doll—any kind of a doll—elaborate or inexpensive, dressed or destitute of clothing. To clothe the undressed ones is part of the fun, and after that is done you may manufacture the queer dolls which are de-

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scribed later, and then you are ready to hold your market.

First come the regular dolls. These need no description, but it is wise to have a full stock of bisque, wax, and china ones, prettily dressed in silks, gay wools, or prints. Dolls with hats and coats often sell better than those with only dresses, and the plainest doll will prove desirable if she have a waterproof or golf cape, or even a pair of rubbers.

Baby dolls are salable, and are easy to dress. Be sure to give each of them a little cap and blanket, and fasten a rattle or toy in its hands. Boy dolls are harder to dress, and are not quite so popular as girl dolls. So, though it is wise to have a few of them in your market, do not provide an overstock. Sailor boys are favorites just now, and a uniform can be made by copying the pictures in illustrated papers.

And now for novelty dolls. One that is especially nice for very little folks is the doll made of cotton wadding. Get a sheet of white cotton wadding, and also one of blue. Cut a strip seven inches wide the full length of the sheet.

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Beginning at one end, roll this smoothly into a tight, compact roll. This seven inch long wad is your doll.

About an inch from the top of the roll tie a thread, drawing it tight enough to represent the neck of the doll. Of course the portion above the thread is the head. On this head sew two tiny black beads for eyes, and a red stitch for the mouth. Other features are left to the imagination. From the bottom of the roll, and half way, make across the front a series of cross stitches with blue yarn, and tie the ends in a bow at the top.

Now cut a piece of blue wadding six inches by nine. This is the doll's cloak, and the six inch measurement is the length of it. Fold the piece into a box pleat three inches broad. This means that the whole width of nine inches is used, the pleat itself being three and the turned under parts each forming a one and a half inch tuck. This is simpler to do than to explain. It merely means to make one broad box pleat, using all the material to do it.

Place the middle of the box pleat at the back

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of the doll's neck and it will come to her feet (only, of course, she hasn't any feet). The cloak does not fasten together in front at the neck, but comes nearly all the way around, and the edges fall down in a straight fold.

Now take a bit of white wadding five inches long by one inch wide. Fold this lengthwise until you have a strip a third of an inch wide. Put this *through* a little muff made of blue wadding. This is easily done by wrapping a piece of blue wadding an inch wide round the middle of your white strip. Then place the muff in front of your cloaked doll and thrust the ends of the white strip through the front tucks of the cloak, joining and sewing them behind. The white bands represent the doll's arms.

The hood is made of blue wadding. Cut a triangle five inches high and four inches across the base. From the top point sew it together with over and over stitches of blue yarn until within an inch of the lower points. Then fold under or cut off the lower points, and continue your yarn stitches down each edge. Sew this

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hood on the doll's head, and pick out the cotton at the top of the roll to look like curly hair.

For a cape, cut a semicircle of blue wadding, about five inches across, and overcast it with the dark blue yarn. Run a shirr string of yarn along the straight edge of this, leaving a tiny ruffle at the top, and then tie it round the doll's neck.

Of course, any colored yarn or worsted may be used, and the dolls may be made larger or smaller as you choose.

Another soft doll for very little folks is made of white knitting cotton. Wind off a whole ball of this cotton on a large book or pasteboard.

Slip a strong white string between the cotton and the book, and tie it tightly at the top, drawing the cotton together as close as possible. Then cut all the strands at the other end and remove the book.

Separate about fifty strands and tie the rest about an inch below the first tying. This makes the neck of the doll, and the strands left out may be braided in one or two braids and tied at the

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ends with baby ribbon. This represents the doll's hair, and may be cut to any length.

Two inches below the neck tie again for the waist, but omit a small bunch of the cotton on each side.

These bunches are for arms, and must be tied at the shoulders with bows of baby ribbon, and again at the wrists. Cut the strands a little below the wrists, leaving only enough to simulate hands.

Tie a sash of slightly wider ribbon round the waist, and indicate the features with beads or stitches, and your doll is finished. A bow or a little cap of any kind may be sewed to the top of its head.

Clothes pin dolls may be made much more attractive than their lowly associations would seem to suggest. Take an ordinary clothes-pin, a new one, and carefully mark a face as well as you can on its rather small head.

Dress it as a baby doll, with a long white dress, a blanket or cape (which will conceal its armlessness), and a tiny white cap. If preferred, these clothes may be made of crinkly tis-

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sue paper, plain white, of course, instead of muslin.

A funny toy is the peanut doll. He is Chinese in his effect, and is made of thirteen peanuts. String three peanuts. The top one is the head. String four strands of two peanuts each. Fasten to each side of the center of the middle one of the first three peanuts a strand of two. These represent arms. Fasten the two remaining strands of two to the bottom of the lowest of the original three. These are legs. To each leg attach a peanut at right angles, to represent feet. Use a large needle and black linen thread in stringing. All the nuts will swing loosely, as the peanut man is by no means a firmly built creature.

On top of his head sew or glue a long black queue made of braided strands of coarse black thread. On top of this, glue a hat made simply of a circular piece of gay wall paper as large as a silver dollar.

For clothing take a Japanese paper napkin. Cut out two trouser legs, seam them up, and sew them in place. Cut a simple blouse or shirt

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from the Japanese napkin and gather it loosely round his neck. This blouse should come down to his knees.

For a jolly little "Brownie" doll, take for a body an English walnut, and for a head a hazelnut. Add legs and arms of twisted wire covered with twisted tissue paper, and place on his head a tiny cap of red flannel. In his hand fasten (by bending the wire around it) a small flag.

Similar to this is the macaroni doll. This is made by bending three hairpins and running them through bits of macaroni. This absurd puppet may have features marked on his macaroni face and may be as gaily attired as one pleases.

A clay pipe makes a delightful old lady doll. The little hump where the bowl joins the stem is her nose, and her other features must be drawn to harmonize with this. A Quaker bonnet or high backed cap covers the rest of the bowl, which is, of course, the back of her head, and her costume consists of a full, plain skirt gathered round the pipe stem about half way

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down, and a shawl neatly folded round her shoulders. These garments may be made of tissue paper even better than of woven materials.

A queer doll is called the Indian Scout. On a wooden skewer stick two figs. One represents the head and one the body. On the head fasten bead eyes, a bit of red sealing wax for a mouth, and pinch up the fig for a nose. Fasten on some long, straight black locks of horsehair, and stick into the head fig such feathers as the Indians wear.

Arms and legs are made of branchy raisin stems, which are stuck into the body fig.

Dress this doll in loose red flannel trousers and coat, and decorate with beads, feathers, and dangling trinkets of any kind. And if you wish, you may wrap him in an Indian blanket, and provide him with a tomahawk.

In your market, paper dolls may have a table to themselves, for there are so many varieties to be made.

Paste on thin pasteboard the prettiest pictures cut from a fashion paper or magazine, paint them in delicate colors, and then carefully

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cut them out. Or cut a body from pasteboard, and attach a "scrap picture" head and neck.

For this doll make a full white petticoat of tissue paper, by cutting a piece the length of the doll's skirt, and full enough to gather up at the waistband. This may be scalloped or edged with lace paper.

For a dress make a little yoke shaped piece of stiff writing paper. Fold it double, and have a slit in the top that it may slip over the doll's head and hang on her shoulders.

To this paste a full baby waist of tissue paper, add tiny puffs for short sleeves, and then attach a full skirt, front and back. Trim these little dresses as elaborately as you please with lace paper, gilt paper, or tiny paper bows. The skirts may be pleated at the waist or pinched up into gathers. Sashes, hats, capes, and aprons may all be added to these paper wardrobes, and your own ingenuity will suggest countless variations. If your market calls for it, you may make many fancy articles from dolls.

A pretty pin-cushion is made by dressing a small china doll with a very full skirt and stick-

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ing her feet down into the middle of a round pin-cushion. The skirt will cover the cushion completely, and must be fastened down all around.

Another cushion is a hat pin cushion, and is made by taking a Japanese doll's head, which may be had already fastened on a stick at any notion store.

Put this stick in a long, narrow bag made of two pieces of ribbon about two inches wide. Stuff the bag tightly with bran, and tie it round the doll's neck with a ribbon by which to hang it up. The stick is not absolutely necessary, and only serves to keep the cushion in shape.

If time and trouble are "no objects," a dolls' wedding is an elaborate toy. On a board covered with red velvet, group all the dolls of a wedding party. The clergyman in his robes, the bride and bridesmaids in appropriate dress, the bridegroom, best man, ushers—all of these may be represented, and over all arrange a bower or canopy of green vines or artificial flowers.

AUGUST

A PAPER DOLL'S HOUSE

MY readers have all doubtless seen dolls' houses, but have you ever seen a paper doll's house? Whether you have or not, you will enjoy making one, moreover, they are lots of fun to play with after they are made—which cannot be said of every home made toy.

First, get a large book. The best kind is a large blank book, such as business men use to keep their accounts. Don't have it too thick; a book of twenty-four leaves, about ten by fifteen inches, is a good size. Also, the book should open endwise—that is, the pages should be broader than they are high.

Now, each leaf represents a room in the paper doll's house, and, so, must be furnished accord-

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ingly. Suppose as we enter the house, we make the first page for the hall.

In the upper right hand corner make a window about two inches square. Windows are made by drawing them with a pen and ink or paint brush; or, better still, paste narrow strips of paper in place to represent frame and sash. Or, crisscross tiny strips of paper to make a grill or diamond paned effect.

Another way is to make the window frame and then add tiny curtains of tissue paper, frilled at the top like a real curtain.

The furniture for the whole house consists mainly of pictures of furniture cut from advertisements or catalogues. If you once begin to make paper doll houses, you will soon find yourself pouncing on pictures suitable for your use wherever you may run across them—and running across them everywhere.

In front of the window in the hall, place a tabouret with a potted palm on it. That is to say, below the window paste the cut out tabouret, and on it paste the palm, cut from a florist's catalogue. Paste only the lower part of the

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palm, so that the leaves may rest loosely against the window curtain.

Get a pretty picture of a mantel and fireplace, which can be found in the advertising pages of a magazine, and paste it in place, a little below and to the left of the window.

Exactly at the foot of the mantel, draw a line clear across the page. This marks the division between the floor and the wall, and is the only attempt at perspective to be made. Paper dolls do not care much for perspective, but they do like to have their chairs on the floor, and their pictures on the walls.

On the mantel you may paste a clock, vases, bric-à-brac, candlesticks, or any such ornaments you choose. The catalogue of a department store will furnish you an endless variety from which to choose. If you haven't such a catalogue, send a postal card to any department store in any large city, and you will probably receive one by return mail. On the wall paste a few well framed pictures and a mirror.

The furniture may be pasted in place on the floor, and should consist of a rug or two, a hat

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rack, a settee, and a chair. A piano lamp may be added, or a standard lamp on a small table.

The next room, or the next leaf in the book, might be the library. Of course the wall of this room will be lined with bookcases. It is not necessary to have a window, unless you have bare wall space to be filled in, but a few small pictures or plaster casts might be hung above the bookcases.

A bit of wall space to the extreme right must be reserved for a "cozy corner." This may be cut out entire from an illustration in a magazine, or it may be made by combining pictures of curtains, rugs, and sofa pillows. In the center of this room paste a large library table, and select leather chairs and couches for furnishing.

Either in hall or library you may arrange an afternoon tea table. This may be taken from some story illustration, but it is more fun first to paste in a table and then to arrange on it a tea service which has been cut out piece by piece, even to the tiny spoons. A plate of cakes and a box of candy may be added.

On your large library table paste some books

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and magazines, an inkstand and pen rack, blotter, and the like, a lamp, a vase of flowers, and any such articles that your fancy may suggest. The writing appointments may all be of silver if you wish.

The next leaf is the parlor. For this room you can make two long windows with large sashes and elaborate lace curtains. If you do not care for the pictured lace curtains in your catalogue, you can make beautiful ones of white tissue paper, edged with lace paper. Tie them back with baby ribbon or tiny paper bows.

Between these windows have a long pier glass, perhaps with a marble slab beneath it, on which stands a vase of flowers. The furniture for the parlor may be of the gilded Louis XIV variety, or any kind that pleases your taste, or that you have at your disposal. There must be a piano, grand or upright, the size depending on the size of your room. A piano stool, of course, and a music rack are necessary. Growing palms, statuary, and small tables or cabinets filled with bric-à-brac may be placed here and there, while a sofa and a few chairs complete this room.

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Next comes the dining-room. Try to find a mantel having above it a cupboard with glass doors. And here belongs a word about cupboard doors. If you cut and paste them carefully, they can be made to open and shut, which adds greatly to the fun. The bookcases, for instance, may have doors cut down the middle and across the top and bottom. The doors can then be opened and shut at will, and when opened may show rows of books, which were pasted in place before the bookcase was. Likewise in the dining-room, a corner cupboard, or over mantel may be made to open and show shelves full of cups and saucers, pitchers, and silverware. All these things must be very carefully cut and pasted, to present a satisfactory appearance.

The dining table may be square or round, as you prefer, and must be pasted only at each side of the top. This leaves a slit at the back, through which a paper doll may be slipped, and have the appearance of sitting at the table. Observe this rule with all large tables in the library, kitchen, or elsewhere, as, when you come to

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bring the family into the house, you will often wish to seat them at the tables.

If you are at all ingenious, you can easily arrange a table cover to be used between meals, but which may be taken off when the table is set for meals. One way to do this is to have a little tab of paper bent back from the top of the table cover. This hooks into the top of the table and holds the cover in place.

In your cupboard, slips of paper may take the place of shelves, and into these may be tucked pictures of cups and saucers and dishes, which you can use on the table when you please. To represent a cupboard with glass doors, cut the panes away just inside the sashes, and then the china and silverware will show through. If you can get a thin piece of mica or isinglass, it may be pasted in the doors for glass.

A sideboard comes next, and on this, of course, you will put all the old family silver, rare bits of china, decanters, and perhaps a pitcher of ice water. Add tall, straight backed diningroom chairs, and a fireplace and mantel if you have room for them. In the window, if you have one

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in this room, put a balcony box of flowering plants. The pictures on the wall should be fruit or game pieces.

Next can come the kitchen. It will be easy for you to find a picture of a range in an advertisement, and also a beautiful porcelain sink, copper boiler, and the like. You may have a gas stove, too, if you wish, and a large kitchen cupboard with crockery and saucepans in it. Have a long table, pasted at the ends, so that the cook can stand behind it. Have a pleasant window, with a geranium in bloom, a side table, and several chairs.

Next furnish the pantry. In this put shelves and cupboards, a refrigerator, ice cream freezer, a clothes horse, and any other suitable equipments that you find in your catalogues or magazines.

So much for down stairs.

The rest of the book may contain as many bedrooms as your paper doll family requires, a bath room, a nursery, servants' rooms, and, if you wish, an attic or lumber room.

The bedrooms should contain beds made pur-

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posely, and not cut from pictures, unless the pictured ones can be arranged to hold dolls conveniently. To make a paper doll's bed, cut a strip of thin pasteboard about one by five inches in size. This is the side of the bed. Paste it only along the lower edge, place it where you want it, and paste an upright strip at the end to represent the foot board. At the head of the bed arrange a tissue paper curtain or a head board to match the foot board. The pillows can be cut from your catalogue, and the counterpane, too. Fold over the top edge of the counterpane, so that after the doll is put to bed it may be laid over her, and the fold will prevent it from slipping off.

The other bedroom furniture consists of any pretty pieces you can find in the advertisements, such as bureaus, chiffoniers, dressing tables, chairs and couches, and a pier glass. A regular furniture store catalogue is better for these than the catalogues of a department store; but from the latter you can get towel racks, wash stand furnishings, silver toilet articles for the bureau or dressing table, pincushions, cologne bottles, a

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standard work basket, and innumerable little ornaments. Add rugs, pictures, and mirrors to suit your fancy.

The bath room can be easily furnished with all its requirements, for the advertising portion of many magazines contains pictures of appropriate appliances. Perhaps you can manage a tiled floor and wall. Draw the tiles with pen and ink before you begin the furnishing, and then add your portable bath tub, wash stand, shower bath, towel racks, and all the paraphernalia for cleanliness.

The nursery should contain a crib and a cradle, baby's bath, and plenty of rocking horses, swings, baby jumpers, dolls and toys for the little paper dolls to play with. Have baby pictures on the wall, and a wide window, with slats across it, that the little ones may not fall out.

Besides these rooms, you may think of others for yourselves, and the furniture that you find in the pictures will doubtless suggest other plans to you. One leaf may be a veranda, with hammocks, piazza chairs, palms, mats, rugs, and settees. Another may be a lawn or playground,

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with trees, shrubs, rustic seats, a tent, a fountain, a tennis court, and even a pond and a boat if you can get the right pictures.

Then, of course, you must provide a family of paper dolls—not the old fashioned kind, for they seem incongruous in this kind of a doll's house, but figures cut from fashion magazines or tailors' catalogues.

These dolls may have many costumes and hats, wraps, fans, parasols, canes, and all such things, which may be carefully kept in their wardrobes. Indeed, if the family is large, it is better to have a special clothes room.

The making of this house is a most fascinating task, and one which grows in interest as you proceed, and if your dearest friends have houses, too, it is great fun for your dolls to visit them.

SEPTEMBER

MAKING A DOLL'S HOUSE

ONE of the most engrossing of labors is to make and furnish a doll house in a modern and up to date way; and happy is the mother or aunt or grandmother possessing a small relative for whom to prepare this welcome gift.

One remembers with a shudder the doll houses that are sometimes seen, furnished without regard to harmony or proportion; and one wonders how any self respecting doll can live in a house where the teacups are large enough to put her head in, and she could easily carry off the piano under one arm. The most satisfactory doll house is not elaborate in shape or construction.

Get a carpenter to make you a box which,

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when stood on end, shall measure about five feet high, three feet wide, and eighteen inches deep.

This box has no front, and is divided by floors into three stories. The stories are again divided by partitions, the top floor being divided evenly into two bedrooms, each eighteen inches square. The middle floor is divided into a parlor, about twenty-seven inches long, and a hall, nine inches wide.

The lower floor is divided evenly into dining-room and kitchen. Each room has a window cut through the outside board, and each partition has a doorway cut through it.

If you choose, you may have a gabled roof and a chimney on top of this house, but it is not necessary. The wood may be stained outside, or painted to represent brick, and the whole affair should be mounted on casters.

The house being completed, paper each room neatly with an appropriate paper. Unless you can procure a very small figure, it is better to use a plain paper; but ceiling papers often show tiny designs that answer this purpose admirably.

A frieze may be added, and the joining con-

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cealed by a very narrow wooden molding. Small picture frame molding, gilt, silver, or natural wood, are the best for this. The diningroom may have a wainscot of darker paper, and the kitchen walls should be covered with what is known as "oil cloth paper." The ceilings must all be papered with a light, inconspicuous pattern.

Next comes the floors. These may be stained and varnished, and supplied with rugs, or they may be carpeted, according to your fancy. If the latter, make a carpet to fit each room, and bind it with braid; do not tack it to the floor, for if it fits exactly it will lie in place of its own weight. Use real carpet, either a thin Brussels or an ingrain, plain or of small pattern. In the kitchen, it is better to cover the floor with oil-cloth, and this must be tacked down, or it will roll.

Next, to dress the windows. Each must be provided with a single pane of glass, divided into four parts by narrow strips of paper pasted on to represent sashes. The glass may be fastened to the wall by a tiny cleat at top and bottom. For the bedroom windows, make shades of white

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or buff linen. Provide them with sticks in the hems, like real shades, and add fringe, if you can get it or have patience to make it of linen thread. Make the shades half the length of the window, and tack them in place at the top.

Curtains of white dotted swiss, or fine dimity edged with lace, are prettiest for the bedrooms, and these should hang from a curtain pole made of a polished brown lead pencil, cut to the right length, and finished at each end by a brass headed tack. If you can get brass rings small enough, use them to hold your curtains to the poles, but if not, secure the curtains by a few stitches of heavy rope silk. These curtains may be tied back with narrow ribbons, or left to hang straight.

The parlor curtains may be made of more elaborate lace, and may have other curtains, of velvet or corded silk, looped back over them.

The hall window may have a tiny grille or latticework covering the upper half, and China silk sash curtains below. Cut the lattice from pasteboard, paint it black, and fasten it up with small tacks. Use a very small lead pencil as a rod for

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the sash curtains. These curtain poles may all be held up by brass screw hooks of suitable size.

The diningroom window may be curtained with scrim, or any material you choose, and the kitchen window should have a plain white dimity sash curtain.

As doors are out of the question, provide each doorway with portières. These may be made of any suitable material, and one doorway may be dignified with a bead portière. From a piece of pasteboard as long as your doorway is wide, suspend strings of beads as long as the doorway, and very close together. Arrange beads of various colors and sizes in a symmetrical pattern, and tack the pasteboard in place.

Mantels add greatly to the effect of the rooms, and may be bought complete, with fireplace, fender, etc. But, if home work is preferred, a mantel may be easily made of thin wood or thick pasteboard, and fastened to the wall with triangular brackets of wood. It is then draped with a china silk scarf, or painted to harmonize with the room.

A fireplace is more difficult to manage, and

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unless you can buy one, or unless you are unusually ingenious in a mechanical way, it is better to omit it.

Chandeliers and side lights may be bought, and they are not at all expensive, but it is next to impossible to make them; so, if you can't get them, light your house with lamps and candles, and its tenants will, doubtless, be well satisfied.

A convenient method of framing the pictures for the walls is to cut several frames, exactly alike, from pasteboard, and, laying them all together, cover the whole neatly with gilt paper. This gives a plain, thick frame, and may be made round, square, or oval. Narrow picture molding may also be used.

The very prettiest frame for a picture is obtained by taking the glass and gilt mat out of an old fashioned daguerreotype. This suits a colored picture exceedingly well. You will have no trouble in getting really good pictures for your house. From an illustrated catalogue of prints you may select your favorites, and a tiny "Baby Stuart" or the Sargent "Prophets" may gladden the hearts of artistically inclined dolls.

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These pictures may be hung from the picture rails, by threading the strings of the pictures through ordinary dress hooks, which may be bent out a little to make them hang securely.

And now for the actual furnishing. In the bedrooms, some bought furniture seems almost a necessity. Bed, bureau, and washstand are difficult to make, but if, for any reason, you cannot buy them, they can be manufactured.

The most beautiful doll's bed I ever saw was made from an old match safe, of the carved wood that was so popular ten or fifteen years ago. The match safe was of the kind that hangs against the wall; the back and main part of it was used as a headboard, and the small piece that held the matches in made the footboard. These were glued to the two ends of a small, shallow cigar box, and, after a little carpentry, the effect was fine.

An old fashioned four post bed is easily made by fastening to the corners of a box four sticks. Japanese fan handles are fairly good for this purpose, but handles of old feather dusters are better. If you can get fancy sticks for the foot posts, lead pencils, or any plain sticks will do

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at the head. A bed of this kind must be curtained all round, with valances and ruffle as well.

If you do not buy a bureau, dispense with all idea of making one, and substitute a dressing table in its stead. An easy and very effective way to make this is to take a cylindrical paste-board box, and cut it in halves perpendicularly. Then cut off an end about two inches high, and set it with the flat edge against the wall. Cover the top with swiss over a colored silk or muslin, and make a full curtain of the same all round it.

After it is fastened in its place, arrange two long curtains of white swiss to hang from a long nail driven in the wall, about eight inches above the table. Gild this nail, and let it serve as a rod over which to hang the curtains. At the end of the nail fasten a bow of ribbon or a little tinsel ornament. Tie back the curtains at each side of the table, and on the wall between them hang a gilt framed mirror.

On the table place a pin cushion and any other little toilet accessories that you can contrive.

The wash stand should be bought, but may be made by covering a square box with white mus-

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lin, and cutting a round hole in the top, in which to set a basin and ewer.

For a towel rack, take two brass rings about the size of a silver quarter; string each on a bit of ribbon, about two inches long when doubled, and, with a bunch of bows at the top, tack it to the wall near the wash stand. Tiny towels must be made of a bit of old damask, the ends fringed, and the towels thrust through the rings.

Chairs are easy to make. For an arm chair, take a large pill box for the seat; cut a back and arms, all in one piece, of cardboard, and sew it in place. Cover all neatly with brocaded silk, and stuff the seat with a little cotton or curled hair.

A simple chair is made by taking a cube shaped box, measuring about one and a half inches each way; to this sew a straight back of cardboard, and cover it all with a pretty material. For a couch, take an oblong box and make cardboard back and end. Or, omit the back and end, throw over it a couch cover of fine burlap, worked to simulate a "Bagdad," and add several silk covered sofa pillows

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A pretty afghan for this is a knitted square, bound with satin ribbon, or fringed with worsted. The couch, being made of a box, may be arranged to open and shut, thereby providing a place for dolls' clothes.

A clever little table can be made by taking three very slender lead pencils, and crossing them in the middle after the fashion of a gipsy tripod. Wire them strongly together at this point, and conceal the wire with a ribbon tied in a bow. Cut the top ends until level, and glue on a circular bit of wood or pasteboard for a top. This table may or may not have a cover.

A hassock may be made of a covered pill box, or may be simply a round, soft cushion.

If one of your bedrooms is for the children of the doll family, add a bassinet made of a tiny basket, with the handles cut off. Decorate this with lace frills and bows of ribbon, and make little sheets and pillows. A pretty coverlet for bed or bassinet may be made of two pieces of pale colored china silk, with a sheet of wadding between, and tacked here and there with floss.

The parlor may be furnished most elaborately

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with bought things, if you wish, for the toy shops show fascinating furniture and ornaments of every description, even to electric lights and telephones. But carefully made home manufactures may rival even these.

I once saw a piano made by a clever young woman, which was a marvel of ingenuity. The case was a pasteboard box, rounded at the front corners to simulate the shape of a square piano. The legs were made from the four quarter sections of a wooden knob, of the sort that is used to keep a door from opening too far. This knob was evenly sawed twice perpendicularly, and made very fair legs. The pedals were contrived from an old call bell handle and bits of gilded pasteboard, and when an embroidered piano cover concealed the pasteboard box, the whole affair was very creditable to its maker.

The parlor chairs and sofas can be made like the bedroom ones, but more elaborate materials should be used for covering, and a tiny silk cord should be sewed over the joining seams. A small easel is easily obtainable, or may be made from

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gilded wire, and this may stand in one corner, to hold a framed picture.

A cozy corner is not difficult to build, and it gives the room a very up to date air.

Get some Roman sash ribbon, or soft silk, for curtains and pillows, and cover with the same stuff the triangular box that forms the seat. At the top, cross spears or lances made of pasteboard or light wood and covered with tinfoil. Copy a real cozy corner, or an illustration of one, as nearly as you can.

Screens, either folding or otherwise, are easily made. The frames may be of pasteboard or wood, and the covering of brocaded silk, cretonne, or Japanese paper; the whole may be simply a strip from a Japanese fan.

Outside the parlor window may be fastened a window box. This should be a wooden box to fit the window, securely glued in place, and filled with sand, into which are stuck tiny artificial flowers and leaves. Or, if you wish, a bay window may be attached to the parlor when the house is built, and inside a window seat, cushioned and curtained, may be arranged.

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In the parlor, you might have a palm in a gilded flower pot or jardinière. The palm may be a group of small artificial leaves from an old hat or may be made of green tissue paper, and the jardinière may be made of a sugar bowl from a larger doll's tea set, painted with bright flowers, or gilt.

Mirrors, bric-à-brac, candles, clock, books, statuettes, and knickknacks of all sorts may be added at your convenience. The hall should contain a hat rack and umbrella stand, but hooks in the wall for hats, and a small table will answer as well.

The baby carriage may be kept in the hall, and a toy dog may lie on a mat. Rugs may be made of any material; those of raveled knitting sewed on a foundation are fleecy and pretty, while pieces of camel's hair shawl look just like Oriental ones. Embroidered burlap is also good.

Have a mirror in the hall, and one or two pictures. A palm, also, is very effective, and, if you have room, an afternoon tea table is easily arranged.

In the diningroom little is needed besides table

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and chairs. A sideboard is out of the question, unless you buy it, but a side or serving table, covered with a white cloth, will do as well.

For the dining table, take a box such as a dozen spools of cotton are sold in, or a larger one if you wish. In the corners of this fasten firmly legs made of square sticks of wood, or lead pencils cut to the right length. White table cloths or a colored cover will always conceal the box.

If you have no sideboard, cut shelves about one by four inches in size from the thin wooden cover of a grape basket, or from a cigar box. Make a hole in each corner of each shelf, and run cords through, knotting the cord under each shelf. Suspend this from the picture rail, and set dishes or the family plate upon it. Let the pictures in the diningroom represent fruit or game, and on the wall hang old blue plates, which you can make by daubing blue paint on white doll's plates.

Cover your diningroom chairs with pieces of old glacé kid gloves, to represent leather, and stud the edges with small brass headed tacks or

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pins. The kitchen should have a large cupboard, which can be made from a cigar box. Stand the box on end, cut the cover down the middle, and fasten both pieces to the box with small hinges, so that they open and shut as doors. Glue shelves inside, and fill it with saucepans, pots, kettles, towels, kitchen utensils, etc.

A good sized table is necessary, also a smaller table or wash bench, and an ironing board covered with white muslin. Wash tubs, brooms, etc., must be bought, also a cooking stove, or a "tin kitchen."

Having your house completed, you must provide tenants for it. These may be of whatever ages you choose, but it is well to have a father and mother dolls, two or three children dolls, a nurse, and a cook.

The father doll is the most difficult to dress, but it is not likely he will be severely criticised by the recipient of the doll house. The mother doll should wear a trailing dress, and should have a hat and a wrap when she goes out.

A baby doll in long clothes, one or two small

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children in pretty frocks, a nurse in neat calico dress and white apron, and a cook attired for the kitchen complete the household, unless you choose to add a cat, or a bird in its cage.

OCTOBER

HALLOWE'EN HAPPENINGS

FOR real, rollicking, frolicking fun, there is nothing more jolly than a Hallowe'en party.

The observance of Hallowe'en, or All-Hallow Eve, is a tradition handed down from the ancient Druids, who celebrated their harvest festival on the last day of October. The next day was All-Hallows', or All-Saints' Day, and so they called the festival All-Hallow E'en.

The gay games of modern times are not much like the solemn rites of the Druids, but a connection may be traced between the supernatural beliefs of the ancients, and the burlesque attempts to pry into the mysteries of the future, which our own Hallowe'en fun represents.

Long after the time of the Druids, simple-

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mind country people continued to believe in charms and witchcraft, and especially claimed that on the night of October 31 witches and goblins held revel, and fairies danced about in the woods. From these spirits, or their manifestations, it was believed that the future could be foretold and human destinies discovered. As our celebration of the occasion is merely a whimsical adaptation of all this, there is one thing clear at the outset: To a successful Hallowe'en party, the young guests must bring a large stock of imagination, a zest for merriment, and an un-failing fund of good humor. For many Hallowe'en tricks result in turning the laugh on one or another, and this must be accepted in a gay, good-natured spirit. Old-fashioned Hallowe'en parties were held in the kitchen, and where this is practicable, it is a good plan for many of the games. But all of the rooms used should be decorated with trophies of the harvest. Pumpkins, apples, grain stalks, and autumn leaves, offer materials for beautiful and effective trimming; and, if desired, draperies of red and yellow cheese-cloth, and ornamentations of red and yellow crêpe pa-

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per, may be added. Jack-o'-lanterns are, of course, a necessity. All boys know how to scoop out pumpkins, cut grotesque faces on them and insert candles. But don't stop with the pumpkins. Make lanterns also of queer-shaped squashes, turnips, cucumbers, and even apples.

For invitations to a Hallowe'en party, find a large oak or maple leaf in bright autumn tints. Lay this on a paper and trace the shape, then tint it in gay colors, and write the invitation thereon; or, use cards decorated with tiny sketches of Jack-o'-lanterns, witches on broomsticks or black cats. Some such verse as this may appear on the card:

Hallowe'en will tell you true
What the Future holds for you.
Thursday evening, just at eight,
Come, prepared to learn your Fate.

When the guests arrive, the house should be but dimly lighted, and a weird and mysterious atmosphere should prevail. Red shades on the lights, or a red screen before the open fire, give a soft, rich glow. The guests may be received by some one dressed as a witch, or garbed in a white sheet to represent a ghost. Welcome should

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be spoken in sepulchral tones and accompanied by groans or wails. Some one may play snatches of wild, weird music on the piano, or strike occasional clanging notes from muffled gongs. Jack-o'-lanterns peer from unexpected places, and, if convenient, an Aeolian harp may be arranged in an open window. The awesomeness of effect will be sufficiently relieved by the irrepressible laughter of the merry guests as they arrive.

It is well to begin with the simpler sort of Hallowe'en games. First comes the Initial Letter. Pare an apple in one continuous piece. Swing it slowly around your head three times, and let it fall on the floor. The letter it forms as it falls will be the initial of your future Fate. This incantation should be pronounced as the experiment is tried :

Paring, paring, long and green,
Tell my Fate for Hallowe'en.

The Mirror is another test. A girl must stand with her back to a mirror, and, looking over her shoulder, repeat this charm :

Mirror, Mirror, tell to me
Who my future Fate may be.
Ere the magic moments pass,
Frame his picture in the glass.

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A merry trick is Blowing out the Candle. A boy and a girl may try this at the same time. Each must be blindfolded, and after turning around three times may try to blow out a lighted candle. A prize may be given to the one who succeeds. Hallowe'en prizes should be plentiful and of trifling value. Also, let them be, as far as possible, appropriate to the occasion. Pen-wipers may be in the shape of witches' peaked hats, bats, brooms, black cats, autumn leaves, or wee white ghosts. Pin-cushions may represent tiny pumpkins, tomatoes, apples, or radishes. Peanut owls, black velvet witches, chenille imps, and other weird or grotesque figures will suggest themselves, and in the shops may be found inexpensive trinkets suggestive of the day.

Another prize game is Biting the Apple. A large apple is suspended by a string, and two or more players try to catch it and take a bite. It is not permissible to touch the apple with the hands, and if the merry contestants forget this, their hands may be tied behind their backs.

A good variation of this game is to take a barrel hoop and suspend it from the ceiling so that

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it will swing and revolve freely. From it, at intervals, suspend by short strings, apples, nuts, candies, cakes, and candle-ends. Who gets by chance a candle-end, must pay a forfeit, while the dainties are considered prizes of themselves. Another rollicking form of this game is called Bobbing for Apples. A large tub is filled with water, and in it a number of apples are set floating. Previously, the initials of each one of the guests have been cut upon an apple. All those with girls' initials are put in at one time, and the boys endeavor to draw out the apples with their teeth, while their hands are tied behind them. Then the girls "bob" likewise for the apples which bear the boys' initials. The apple secured is supposed to represent the future Fate of the lad or lassie.

A true Hallowe'en game is the Fateful Ice-cream. In a mound or brick of ice-cream are hidden a dime, a ring, and a thimble. The dish is passed around and each guest eats a spoonful. Whoever chances to get the dime is destined to great wealth; the ring betokens matrimony, and the thimble single blessedness for life.

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Popping Corn, though of no fateful significance, is an indispensable part of the program, and must not on any account be omitted. Popcorn, somehow, seems to belong to Hallowe'en.

Popping Chestnuts is a more serious matter. Two chestnuts are laid on an open fire or hot stove, and the inquiring maiden names each for a youth of her acquaintance. According to the Hallowe'en supersition, if one nut pops or bursts, that suitor is the unlucky one, but if it burns with a steady glow until consumed to ashes, it shows a true and faithful lover. So old is this particular ceremony, that no less than John Gay thus wrote of it:

Two hazel-nuts I throw into the flame,
And to each nut I give a sweetheart's name,
This, with the loudest bounce me saw amazed ;
That, in a flame of brightest color blazed.
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion glow,
For 't was thy nut that did so brightly glow.

Threading the Needle is a test of a steady hand. A boy or a girl may hold a needle while the other tries to thread it. Each must use but one hand, and sometimes he or she is made to hold in the other hand a full cup of water which must not

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be spilled. If the needle is finally threaded the two are presumably destined for each other. The other young people help or hinder the pair by chanting this charm:

Needly thready,
Steady! Steady!
Where 's the thread? The needle 's ready.
Now you have it, and now you don't!
Now she will, and now she won't!
Aim it true, and aim it straight,
And behold your future Fate!

The Game of Who's Got the Ring, though old, is another traditional feature of the occasion. The players stand in a circle, holding hands, while one stands in the middle. A ring is passed swiftly and slyly from one hand to another, and the player inside the circle must try to capture it as it goes. All sing in concert:

Ring go round, ring go round!
You can find it, I 'll be bound.
Now it's here, and now it 's there,
Changing, ranging everywhere.
Watch more carefully, and then
You may see, it!
Fooled again!

Needless to say, the last line often rings out most appropriately.

The Bowl of Flour is a pretty test of who shall

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be the first bride or bridegroom of the group. Pack a bowl very tightly with flour, and in it drop a wedding-ring. Invert the bowl on a platter, and remove it carefully, leaving a compact mound of flour. With a broad, silver knife, let each guest cut off a slice of the flour. As it crumbles, if it contain the ring, it is an omen of approaching marriage.

Counting the Seeds is a game all may play at once. Each is given an apple, which is at once cut in two, crossways, and the seeds counted. If two seeds are found, it portends an early marriage; three indicates a legacy; four, great wealth; five, an ocean trip; six, great public fame; seven, the possession of any gift most desired by the finder.

Nutshell Boats make a pretty test of Fortune. In the half shells of English walnuts are fitted masts made of matches, and tiny, paper sails. On each sail is written the name of a guest, and the boats are set afloat in a tub of water. If two glide together, it indicates a similar fate for their owners; if one sails alone, it means a lonely life.

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A gentle stirring up of the water will make the boats behave in an amusing manner.

The Three Saucers is said to be an unerring revelation of Fate. One saucer must contain clear water, another, soapy water, or water into which a drop of ink has been spilled, and the third saucer is empty.

A girl is blindfolded, and must dip her finger into one saucer. If the empty one, she will always remain single; if the soapy water, she will marry a widower; but if she touch the clear water, her Fate will be a handsome and wealthy husband.

And as a parting peep into the mysteries of the Future, let the hostess or some grown-up read the palms of the young people. This need not be scientific palmistry, but a merry make-believe, wherein the fortune-teller can gravely assure the young inquirers of astounding events or fabulous delights which may come into their future lives.

After merry and rollicking games, it is a welcome rest to sit down to Fagot stories. The hostess should have in readiness a number of small fagots, or bunches of small dry twigs, tied

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together with a bit of ribbon. One should be given to each guest. These, in turn, are thrown on the fire, and each guest must tell a story that shall last as long as his or her fagot is blazing.

NOVEMBER

AN ANTE-CHRISTMAS GIFT

“**M**OTHER,” said Frances Peyton, “I do wish I could think of something nice to give Mrs. Hilliard for Christmas.”

“Why, my child,” answered Mrs. Peyton, “there is nothing that you could give Mrs. Hilliard that she would care for. She is very wealthy, and has everything in the world that she can desire.

“I don’t mean an expensive gift,” interrupted Frances; “I mean some little thing that would show that I thought of her. I want to give her something that, though it has no special money value, will be just what she’ll like for some particular reason, and I’m sure I shall find it.”

A few days later Frances came home with her

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arms full of bundles and triumphantly announced that she had thought of just the right gift for her friend.

"I'm going to give it to her a few days before Christmas," she said, and she opened the parcels; "but it will be a Christmas gift, all the same, and I know she'll like it."

Mrs. Peyton looked on while Frances proceeded to take a good-sized and particularly nice pasteboard box and place it on the table as the foundation of her scheme. Into the box went, first, a dozen sheets of smooth, stiff manila wrapping paper, and on the top of these a dozen more sheets of the same in lighter weight. Next followed two dozen sheets of white wrapping paper—and after this two dozen sheets of white tissue paper. Then came three pieces, or bolts, of red satin "baby" ribbon, and two bolts of "holly" ribbon, a ball of English twine, a ball of fine red cord and a ball of silvered cord; also three dozen illustrated cards in pretty designs with "Merry Christmas" on them in gilt letters, and blank spaces for names; two dozen plain white cards, a dozen white baggage tags, a

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paper of pins and a pair of scissors. A package of large, strong envelopes, of assorted sizes, was added for mailing purposes, also a few stiffened photograph envelopes. A tube of paste, a stick of red sealing wax and a box of rubber bands completed the outfit; and then over all Frances laid sprigs of holly, of convenient size and shape to decorate outgoing gifts.

The great box was neatly tied up, and though Christmas was yet two days away, Frances carried it at once to Mrs. Hilliard. She found her friend seated in the midst of an array of presents to be sent off, vainly trying to wrap a parcel in a piece of paper very much too small for it. Her expressions of gratitude were quite too genuine to be mistaken; and Frances had afterward the pleasure of hearing her say that of all her many presents not one was half so satisfactory or timely as her "Ante-Christmas Gift."

DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

HOW many children want to make gifts for Christmas? Everybody? Very well; come to the work room, one and all, and let us see what we can find to do. Our work tables are loaded with materials—silks, ribbons, and paper; needles and thimbles for the girls, scissors and glue pots for the boys. Now let us set to work.

The Flag Frame. Firstly, here are photograph frames. These are very good for Christmas gifts because they are appropriate for everybody. One of the most popular this season is the flag frame. Take an American flag about eight inches long, and provide two pieces of pasteboard, one piece of glass, and one piece of cotton wadding, all exactly the size and shape of the flag.

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Now in one piece of cardboard cut an oval opening that will come directly under the striped end of the flag. Cut a similar opening in the cotton, and then, laying the flag over these, cut from it a smaller oval. Then with all held carefully in place, cut slits from the edge of the hole in the flag as far as the edge of the hole in the cardboard. Turn back the little flaps and paste them neatly to the back of the cardboard.

Next place a photograph in the opening, lay the other cardboard piece behind it, and the glass in front of it, and bind all with a strip of white or red paper half an inch wide, pasted carefully on. Before attaching the back, fasten to it either a ring to hang it up by, or a wire support to allow it to stand on a table.

A *Pretty Bonbon Box* for the Christmas tree may be made by getting from the druggist one of those round boxes about three inches across and less than an inch high. This will make two, as the cover and box may be used separately. Cut a quantity of heart shaped leaves from red tissue paper. Crumple them into shape and then sew them round your box until the outside is entirely

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covered and it looks like a queer flower with an open center.

Now take a strip of ribbon two inches wide, and the color of your paper leaves. Sew this round the top of the box and gather it up like a little bag with a bit of floss silk of similar color, as shown in the picture on the opposite page.

Another Christmas Tree Ornament is the Dancing Fairy. Get a "scrap picture" that represents a pretty face with arms and waist. Paste this in the middle of a circular skirt made by taking a strip of tarlatan or tissue paper three inches wide and a yard long. Plait or gather this so closely that it spreads out all round like a gauzy skirt. Spangle it with euchre stars or bits of gilt paper, and add a loop at the back, by which to hang the doll to the tree.

An Odd Needle Cushion is made from a bit of white velvet, cut square and joined at two contiguous sides like a cornucopia. This is then stuffed tightly with bran and the top corner bent over and sewed down, shaping the cushion as much as possible like a rabbit's head.

Small triangles of the velvet are gathered at

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the base and fastened on for ears. Round headed black pins are stuck in for eyes, and splashes of black ink represent the markings of a rabbit's fur. The point of the cushion is gathered a little and a red stitch of sewing silk marks the mouth. An artistic arrangement of fine needles represents Mr. Bunny's whiskers, and the whole may be securely fastened to a card or base of any kind.

A Bureau Drawer Pad. A very simple but exceedingly convenient gift is a bureau drawer pad. Cut two pieces of silk or silkoline the size of the bottom of the drawer. Lay between them a sheet of cotton wadding, on which sprinkle lavender flowers or orris root. Bind all around with a narrow ribbon and tack the pad at intervals with sewing silk or tiny ribbon bows.

Whisk Broom Case. A funny gift is a whisk broom dressed up to represent an old colored "mammy." The handle of the broom is padded and covered with black cotton cloth on which features are outlined with red silk lips and shoe button eyes. A Mother Hubbard gown of calico,

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a white apron, a neck kerchief, and a gay turban make up the costume.

A Coat Hanger is a useful present for anybody, and elaborately decorated, it is very acceptable to the owner of handsome bodices.

Procure an ordinary coat hanger of wire and cover it thickly around each arm with cotton batting. Then take fancy sash ribbon and fold over it, joining the two edges of the ribbon at the top and leaving a frill above the shirr. Cover the hook neatly with a bit of the same ribbon.

A Shoe Button Bag. A very useful article in this line is a shoe button bag. Take a piece of stout pasteboard about four by six inches. Cover it with yellow satin, and across the bottom of it attach a piece of shirred yellow satin forming a little bag. At the top fasten three leaves of white merino, buttonholed round the edge with yellow silk.

From the two top corners, suspend by narrow yellow ribbons a pair of small scissors, a piece of white wax, and a tiny emery bag. Also suspend a spool of heavy black shoe thread by a ribbon from the upper corners. In the bag or

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pocket, place a thimble and a card of shoe buttons, and in the flannel leaves stick some coarse needles.

Other Bags. Of bags to make there is no end. A skate bag is a good present for boy or girl, and is best made from strong woolen cloth. Cut it about fourteen inches long and twelve wide, and line it with chamois skin or drilling.

Finish the top with a narrow hem into which run two pieces of whalebone as long as the bag is wide. This makes it easier to open than the old fashioned draw string. The cord to carry it by may be attached at the corners. A pretty device is to cut the initials of the owner from red flannel and sew them on the bag with buttonhole stitch.

Children are always pleased with bean bags. Make these of turkey red or any bright material cut about six inches square. Fill them about half full of beans and take care to sew strongly.

If grandmother sits by a window which is not perfectly tight, she will be glad of a sand bag to lay across it. This is made by filling a long narrow bag with sand until it is a tight, firm roll

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which may be laid on the sill along the window sash to keep out drafts.

Plate Protectors. A gift which is as inexpensive as it is useful is a set of plate protectors. These are simply disks of white cotton wadding, about six inches in diameter, buttonholed around the edge with colored sewing silk. They are placed between piled up china plates to prevent one plate from scratching the design of the next, and are a delight to any careful housekeeper who owns beautiful plates.

Gifts for Children. A gift to please a child is a scrap book, on the leaves of which are pasted pictures of animals or children cut from the comic papers and magazines. Under each picture may be written a jingle or doggerel verse describing the picture, and though the maker of the book may be no poet, she will probably be able to compose rhymes which will please the child recipient.

One of the very prettiest gifts for a child is a doll's bedstead made of the boxes that hold a dozen spools of cotton. These may be procured from any dry goods or notion store.

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Stand the cover of the box up on end and fit the end of the box into it. Then take half of another box and add it to the top, forming a canopy. Make side curtains of some fine, thin material, and tie them back with tiny ribbons. Put a ruffle of the same material across the front of the canopy and all round the bed. Then furnish the bed with a little mattress, sheets, pillows, etc.

A Button Chest. To make a tiny chest of button boxes, procure from a druggist six of the little boxes with slip covers, that are used for powders. Set these on top of one another in two piles of three boxes each, and wrap round the whole a piece of ribbon whose width just equals the length of the boxes. On top place a bow of the same ribbon. On the end of each box sew a shoe button, a hook, a safety pin, a glove button, a needle, and a black pin, and fill the boxes with corresponding articles. Drops of paste should be placed between the boxes to hold them firmly in place.

Sachet Envelopes. For easily made gifts that will serve as Christmas cards, take ordinary square envelopes of a fine quality, and decorate

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them with painted flowers or gilded mottoes. Slip in them square pieces of cotton wadding sprinkled with orris root and violet sachet powder. Seal the envelope and tie a narrow ribbon around it with a pretty bow.

The Newest Pincushion is made of silk or satin to represent a tiny mattress. Cut two pieces of the material about five by three inches in size, and with a narrow strip of the same material, join them "box" fashion. Fill this case with smooth layers of wool wadding, or—and this is vastly better for the pins—stuff it tightly with bran, and tuft it at intervals with embroidery silk.

AUTOMOBILE CHECKERS

““**U**NCLE BOB,” said Lucy, as she and Fred came wandering into the study one rainy Saturday morning, “you told us that when you had plenty of time you’d show us how to make a lovely game; not a trick, but a regular game to play. And to-day is Saturday, so we have no school; and it’s pouring, we can’t play out doors; and so won’t you show us about the game to-day?”

“I think I will,” said Uncle Bob, cheerily; “that is, if you can find the materials to make the game out of.”

“What do we need?” asked Fred.

“First you want a board marked into sixty-four squares, like a checker board. You can make this board yourselves, of wood or paste-board; but you must draw the squares neatly and carefully, so that your game will be permanently useful.”

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“There’s an old checker board up in the attic,” said Lucy. “We put it up there when we got our new one for a Christmas present. Why can’t we use the old one for this game?” She soon brought down the old checker board, and Uncle Bob said it would do.

	<u>Accident</u> To Hospital		<u>Arrested</u> To Jail		<u>Toll</u> <u>Gate</u> Lose 5		<u>Destination</u> 25
<u>Lost</u> <u>Way</u> To Toll Gate		<u>Speeding</u> Gain one move		<u>Crowded</u> <u>Street</u> Lose 10		<u>Empty</u> <u>Tank</u> To Garage	
	<u>Smash up</u> To Hospital		<u>Fined</u> Lose 5		<u>Macadam</u> 10		<u>Storm</u> To Shelter
<u>Jail</u> Lose one move		<u>Lost</u> <u>Control</u> of Car Lose 10		<u>Bad</u> <u>Chauffeur</u> Lose 5		<u>Killed 1</u> <u>Out of</u> <u>Game</u>	
	<u>Hospital</u> Lose one move		<u>Bad</u> <u>Road</u> Lose 5		<u>Coasting</u> 20		<u>Punctured</u> <u>Tire</u> Lose one move
<u>Shelter</u>		<u>Good</u> <u>Chauffeur</u> 5		<u>Garage</u>		<u>Ran over</u> <u>a Person</u> Lose 20	
	<u>Repair</u> <u>Shop</u>		<u>Towed</u> <u>Home</u> Back to The Start		<u>Ran over</u> <u>a Dog</u> Lose 5		<u>Up Hill</u> Lose 5
<u>The</u> <u>Start</u>		<u>False</u> <u>Start</u> Back to The Start		<u>Racer</u> 15		<u>Down</u> <u>Hill</u> 20	

At Uncle Bob’s direction, the children cut thirty-two small squares of paper, that would exactly fit the squares of the checker board. These they pasted on every alternate square of the old board; that is to say, they pasted one on

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each white square, leaving the red squares uncovered.

"Now, which of you two children can paint the best?" asked Uncle Bob.

"Oh, Fred can!" cried Lucy. "He makes the neatest, sweetest little letters you ever saw!"

Then Uncle Bob told Fred exactly what to print on the squares which had been covered with white paper, and the boy's work looked like the accompanying diagram.



While Fred was working away at this, Uncle Bob told Lucy that she might make the counters, while he himself made the cars.

"It is the game of a motor trip," said Uncle Bob, "and it is most exciting, and somewhat dangerous, at least in theory; but you may be sure that it's lots of fun."

As he talked, Uncle Bob cut out four little disks of thick pasteboard, about as large round as a checker. On each of these he drew rapidly a little motor car, beneath which he printed the name of the motor in red ink.

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While he was at work on these, Lucy, under his directions, made the counters. First, she took a square of pasteboard, measuring about four inches each way, and on it, with the aid of a round inkstand, drew a circle four inches in diameter. Across the circle she drew lines which divided it into twenty parts, and each of these parts she numbered 5, 10, 20, and so on to 100. In the middle of this card she fastened a clever little device which Uncle Bob showed her how to make. This was a small dart or arrowhead cut from pasteboard, which she fastened to the card, putting a needle with a double thread knotted at the end through the wide end of the dart and the center of the circle. Then she cut off the needle, knotted the two ends tight on the other side, and clipped them off close. This enabled the dart to move freely and point to any number that the player might desire.

At last all was completed for the game of motor cars, and eagerly the children prepared to play.

Uncle Bob himself produced a box which was

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found to contain four neat little dice boxes and four large dice.

As there were only three to play, one of Uncle Bob's little automobile pictures was laid away, and, sitting round the table on which lay Fred's carefully lettered board, the game began.

All three of them threw their dice to see who should play first.

The highest throw designated that first player, and by chance this luck fell to Fred. He had chosen the red motor car for his, and his throw was a two-spot.

At this point Uncle Bob produced a list of rules which he gave to the children, and which read thus:

One-spot, one square up or down.

Two-spot, one square right or left.

Three-spot, two squares up or down.

Four-spot, two squares right or left.

Five-spot, one square diagonally.

Six-spot, one square in any direction.

As Fred had thrown a two-spot, and as he had already placed his motor car on the lower left hand corner square, he had the privilege of mov-

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ing one square to right or left. As he could not move to the left, he chose one square to the right.

Then Uncle Bob and Lucy threw to see who would be the next player, and as Lucy threw higher, it was her turn. Placing her blue automobile on "The Start," she threw her dice again, and threw a five. This took her machine to the "Repair Shop," and then it was Uncle Bob's turn to begin the game. Then they continued to take turns all through the game.

At each throw of the dice, the player was entitled to move in accordance with the rules, unless he was on a square where he was ordered to lose one move—in this case he simply skipped his turn. Likewise, on reaching a square where a player gained one move, he took his extra turn immediately.

No motor car was allowed to move to a square already occupied. The exception to this was, if ordered there from another square. For instance, a car which moved to a square containing the direction "To Hospital," "To Jail," etc., must move at once to the square indicated, and

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if that square was occupied, the earlier occupant must be sent back to "The Start."

When a car moved to a square containing a certain number, that number might be added to the score on the player's counter; or if the direction was to lose a certain number, the count had to be turned back so much.

The player who first scored a hundred won the game; and only a few trials were necessary to show the exciting possibilities and the many opportunities for clever play and strategic moves. A player who was forced to move to the square "Killed" was out of that game.

THE GAME OF STUNTS

TO-DAY, uncle," said Lucy, "I want you to teach us a regular game; for to-morrow our club meets here, and I want a nice new game to play with them."

"Well," said Uncle Bob, "there is a new game something like forfeits, that I feel sure would just suit you."

He proceeded to explain the game. "In the first place," he said, "you must have a lot of blank cards—as many cards as you have guests, you know. Then on each card you must write something that I shall tell you—something to do."

"Oh, a sort of stunt," said Fred.

"Yes, I suppose you modern young people would call them stunts. Indeed, that is a good name for this game, 'The Game of Stunts.' Well, are your cards ready?"

"Yes, sir."

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Then Lucy and Fred both wrote at once, at their uncle's dictation, and when they had finished, these stunts were written, one on each card:

THE STUNTS

1. To bite an inch off a red hot poker.
2. To put one hand where the other hand cannot touch it.
3. To stand upon the fire for two minutes.
4. To write your name in one letter.
5. To ask a question that cannot be answered except by "Yes."
6. To push your head through a finger ring.
7. To put yourself through the keyhole.
8. To kiss the girl you love best without her knowing it.
9. To place a lead pencil on the floor so that no one can jump over it.
10. To stand in the middle of the room, and draw a line round you that you cannot get out of without taking your coat off.
11. To put a book in such a place that everyone in the room can see it except yourself.

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12. To kiss a book inside and outside without opening it.

13. To put two chairs together, back to back, take off your shoes, and jump over them.

14. To lay a sheet of newspaper on the floor, and place two persons upon it in such a way that they cannot touch each other with their hands.

15. To take somebody half way upstairs, and then bring him down on a feather.

16. To stamp your foot, with your shoe on as usual, without making a sound.

17. To tell in the records of which Egyptian dynasty So-met-i-mes appears.

18. To tell which letter of the Dutch alphabet represents an English lady of rank.

19. Spell mouse-trap with three letters.

“These cards,” said Uncle Bob, “you must distribute, one to each player. Those who can do their stunts are allowed to do them. Those who cannot must return their cards to the leader of the game. Then the successful ones each draw one of the returned cards, and if possible do the

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stunt written on it. This process is continued until all the stunts are done.

“Then whoever has done the most of them should have a prize or honor of some sort. It is well also to let the players draw the cards the first round, that there may be no unfairness or favoritism.”

THE SOLUTION

Then Uncle Bob gave the following solution of the stunts:

1. Make a bite in the air, an inch away from a hot poker.
2. Place one hand on the other elbow.
3. Write the word “fire” on a paper and stand upon it.
4. Make a large letter C or O and write your name inside it.
5. What does y-e-s spell?
6. Stick your finger through a ring, and push against your head with your finger tip.
7. Write the word “yourself” on a paper, roll it up, and put it through a keyhole.
8. Kiss all the girls in the room.

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9. Place it on the floor, close to the wall.

10. Draw the line on your tightly buttoned coat, all the way round yourself.

11. Put the book on your own head.

12. Kiss the book inside the room and then outside the room.

13. Jump over your shoes.

14. Lay the paper across a doorsili. Then close the door and stand one person inside the room and one outside, but both on the paper.

15. Bring him a feather with its own down on it.

16. Moisten a postage stamp and stick it on your shoe.

17. The word is simply "sometimes."

18. Duchess (Dutch S.)

19. C-a-t.

A MAGIC TRICK

"I think that's a good game," said Fred; "but I like magic better. Do show us a magic trick, uncle."

"All right. Loan me a quarter, Fred."

Fred handed his uncle a quarter, and the

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latter placed it on the table. Then, taking two books, he placed the smaller book on the quarter, quite concealing it, and put the larger book beside the other. "Now," said Uncle Bob, rubbing his hands together, "watch closely, children. As you know, the quarter is under the small book. Look again, to make sure." He lifted both books, and the children saw for a certainty that the coin was beneath the smaller book.

"Now, don't speak, but just watch," said Uncle Bob. Then he made mystic passes with his hands above the books, but not touching them.

"Abracadabra! Presto! Change!" he said in a low, drawling voice.

"Now," he said, "the coin has changed places. It is under the large book."

"Oh," cried Fred, "how wonderful! Let me see."

But as he was about to lift the books, his uncle stopped him. "What!" he said. "You don't doubt my word, I hope? But let me show you the rest of the trick. It is far more amazing than that."

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Again Uncle Bob waved his hands mystically over the books, and repeated a queer jabbering jargon. Then he said, "Ah, it is done. It is harder to make it come back than to go. The first time, you know, I made the quarter move over under the larger book. This time I made it move back, and it is now beneath the smaller book again. It is a difficult feat; but I am almost sure it is there. Ah, yes, there it is," and Uncle Bob lifted the small book, and sure enough there was the silver coin.

"But did it really move?" said Lucy, much perplexed.

Fred shouted with laughter. "Oh, Lucy," he cried, "don't you know when you're hoaxed?" Thank you, uncle; that's a jolly little sell."

THE GAME OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

TO make this game, first get two large sheets of pasteboard, so strong and stiff that it will not warp. Cut from each sheet a piece exactly eighteen inches square. Now cut a piece of strong brown paper, or bright colored paper if you wish, twenty inches square. Lay one piece of pasteboard on this, so that the paper projects evenly an inch all around; turn the edges of the paper over the pasteboard and paste it down firmly, so that the pasteboard is neatly covered with the paper.

The other piece of pasteboard must be covered in a like manner with white or very light colored paper. Glue these two boards together, with the paper outside. Use strong glue for this, and leave the double board under a heavy weight until perfectly dry.

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Having your board thus prepared, you may proceed to mark the game upon it. On the white or light paper side of the board mark several pencil points exactly an inch from the edge on all sides. With these points for a guide, you may draw a firm, straight line an inch from the edge all around.

In the same way draw another line half an inch from the edge of your board. These lines may be drawn with pen and ink, or with a brush and water colors. In any case, be careful to have them true and straight, and do not blur or blot the corners.

Now on the inner line on each side of the square make pencil points exactly two inches apart. Connect these points across the board each way, and you will have sixty-four squares of equal size. Look at the illustration and you will see that every alternate one of these squares is blank.

You may use your own pleasure in decorating these blank squares. They may be left untouched, or they may be covered by pasting over them two-inch squares of gilt paper, or paper

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that will contrast prettily with the color you have already used. You may paste in the center of each a small gilt star, such as is used in progressive euchre; or you may draw with pen and

NORTH.							
	FEAR. TO DESERTER.		BATTLE OF BENNINGTON		DIPLOMACY. TO LIEUTENANT COLONEL.	C	GENERAL 25.
HOSPITAL. LOSE ONE MOVE.		COURAGE TO CAPTAIN		CAPTAIN. 5		BATTLE OF MONMOUTH	
	WOUNDED. TO HOSPITAL.		TAKEN PRISONER. LOSE ONE MOVE.		LIEUTENANT COLONEL. 10.		LIEUTENANT GENERAL. 15.
BATTLE OF WHITE PLAINS		SPY		BATTLE OF PRINCETON		DESERTER LOSE. 20.	
	2nd LIEUTENANT 5.		KILLED! OUT OF THE GAME		COLONEL. 10.		STRATEGY. TO LIEUTENANT GENERAL.
BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.		BATTLE OF TRENTON		MAJOR 5.		MAJOR GENERAL. 10.	
	DUTY. TO 1st LIEUTENANT		1st LIEUTENANT 5.		BATTLE OF BRANDY- WINE.		TRAITOR. LOSE. 20.
ENLIST- MENT.		BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.		DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE 15.		BRIGADIER- GENERAL. 10.	
SOUTH							

ink a little conventional design, or paint in water color a star or a tiny American flag. On the other squares you must write or print the words and figures as shown in the illustration.

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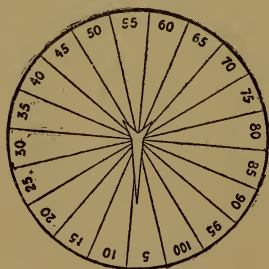
Paint or gild these words if you wish, but be sure to have them clear and readable. Another way is to cut circles of white paper, two inches in diameter, mark these with the given words, and paste them on their respective squares. Then mark the directions, north, south, east, and west, and your board is done.

The next thing required is a set of counters.

Any number of people may play the game, so you may make as many counters as you wish. Take a bit of pasteboard three inches square, and on it draw a circle about two and three-quarters inches in diameter.

With cross lines divide this circle into twenty compartments and number them, as in the illustration, from five to one hundred.

Make a little arrow or dart one and one-half inches long of pasteboard. Fasten one end of this to the center of the circle, by taking a needle with a double thread knotted at the end and putting it through dart and card at the



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center. Draw it through until the knot fastens it on one side; cut off the needle and tie the two threads together several times, then cut them off short. This will hold the dart in place, but will allow it to slip from one number to the next.

Of course, instead of these counters, you may keep score with a pencil and paper, but a counter is better. Another way is to use a cribbage board, or make a counting board by boring twenty holes in a piece of wood and using bits of matches for pegs with which to count.

Each player has one man, which he moves from square to square, according to the rules of the game. These men may be checkers or chessmen, or they may be little wooden or lead soldiers. All else that is necessary is a sufficient number of dice and dice boxes, so that each player may have one.

To play the game, the players all throw their dice, and the highest throw plays first. Then the remaining players throw again and the highest plays next, until all have entered the

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game, after which they play in rotation. The plays are governed by the following rules:

If the dice falls with the one spot uppermost, the player may move his man on the board one square north or south; two spot, one square east or west; three spot, two squares north or south; four spot, two squares east or west; five spot, one square diagonally; six spot, one square in any direction. A man must always be placed on the board at the southwest square marked "Enlistment." A man may not move to a square already occupied.

To the last mentioned rule there is one exception. When a man moves to a square containing the direction "To Hospital," "To Captain," etc., he must move at once to the square designated and accept the fortune awaiting him there. And if the square to which he is sent be occupied, he may take it himself and send the previous inhabitant back to "Enlistment."

When a man goes to a square containing a number, he may add that number to his score on his counter, or if the direction be to lose a

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certain number he must turn his count back so much.

The player first scoring one hundred wins the game. If only two are playing, they may, if they choose, play with two men each, keeping two scores each, and in every particular playing as if there were four people.

Where the direction is given to "lose one move," the unfortunate player must simply omit to play once when his turn comes. A few trials of the game will soon show the many opportunities for clever play, and disclose many exciting situations.

THE GAME OF TRANSPORTATION

THE outfit for this game is easily made, and though a little patience and perseverance are required to master its rules, yet, once learned, it will prove interesting enough to repay the trouble.

To make the articles necessary for the game, you must first procure five blank cards. These may be of any size; perhaps the size of an ordinary playing card is most convenient.

On the cards paint, draw, or in some way represent a locomotive, a steam-boat, an automobile, a bicycle, and a wheelbarrow. The pictures may be as simple or as elaborate as you choose. A rough sketch will do quite as well as a finished drawing.

Another way is to cut from advertisements or catalogues pictures representing the various means of transportation, and to paste them on

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the cards. If you want to make your game with very little trouble, you can simply write the names on the cards.

Having prepared the five cards, next provide eight small cubes of wood, measuring about half an inch in each direction. You can probably get these at any carpenter's shop. If the carpenter has an odd bit of wood, he will doubtless be willing to cut it into cubes for you. Or you may find some wooden cubes in an old box of building blocks. If, however, you cannot get wooden cubes, take eight good sized dice, which will answer your purpose almost as well.

If you have plain wooden cubes, you may leave them unpainted, or, if you want your set to present a fine appearance, you may paint each one—all alike or with different colors—and let them dry thoroughly. Then on one side only of six of the cubes, mark or paint the numbers from one to six. This is, put one on one cube, two on the next, and so on. You can cut printed figures from a calender and paste them on the cubes if you cannot make sufficiently neat figures by hand.

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On the two remaining cubes you must draw, paint, or paste a representation of a steam-boat and a bicycle, one on each cube. If this is too difficult, simply mark an S on one cube, and a B on the other. Thus, on each cube, five sides are left blank, and one side shows a figure or a letter.

If you are obliged to use ordinary dice, paste a piece of paper neatly over the one spot on each dice, and on the paper mark your figures or letters. You must then consider all the other sides blank for the purposes of the game.

Next, you must procure a dice box from which to throw the cubes. As they are more convenient for use when larger than the dice commonly used, a larger box is necessary.

A baking powder box is appropriate for this purpose, and if you wash off its paper label and paint or gild the box, it is not unsightly to look upon. Still better is a pasteboard box of the same size and shape.

The next requisite is a small wooden mallet or hammer, such as an auctioneer might use. This is not indispensable, and though it adds to

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the attractiveness of the game, a simple stick or ruler may be substituted.

There is now nothing more to be provided except a box of counters. These counters may be beans, buttons, gun wads, or any similar small articles, of which you can easily procure a quantity; or they may be peanuts, grains of popped corn, or something which may be eaten at the conclusion of the game.

To play the game, let any number of players sit round a table. Each player is provided with an equal number of counters, say fifty, though this number may be changed at pleasure. One of the players is chosen for auctioneer, and it is his duty to sell the five picture cards at auction. Before the selling begins, each player puts fifteen counters in the middle of the table, thus forming what is called the General Stock. Then the auctioneer sells the cards, one at a time, to the highest bidder, and the counters paid for these cards are also put into the General Stock.

With a bright boy or girl for auctioneer, the bidding may be very lively and exciting, and

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when the auctioneer strikes his hammer on the table and announces "Gone!" the card is sold.

Each player may buy more than one card if he wishes, or he need not buy any, and it often turns out that he who buys no cards fares as well as he who buys several.

As to the value of the cards, the Locomotive is usually worth the most, but the chances of the game make it impossible for the cards to have a regular scale of value. The player who buys a card does so at his own risk.

After the five cards are sold to the players, and the counters paid for them are deposited in the General Stock, the game begins. The auctioneer first throws the cubes from the box, and after his play is finished the player next to him on the left throws the cubes, and so on round the table, each player taking his turn. Or, if he wishes, a player may sell his throw for any number of counters, after which the regular rotation proceeds. For instance, B may sell his throw to D. In such a case A plays, then D, then C, and then D again in his regular order.

If, when the cubes are thrown, they all fall

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with a blank side up, each player must pay one counter to the holder of the Locomotive, and he must pay one counter to the holder of the Wheelbarrow.

If the cubes fall with the Steamboat or the Bicycle uppermost, and the numbered cubes all blank, then the holder of the Steamboat or the Bicycle must pay one counter to the holder of the Locomotive. But if the Steamboat and the Bicycle are *both* uppermost, and the numbered cubes are blank, then the holders of the Steamboat and the Bicycle each pay one counter to the holder of the Automobile.

Now, if the Steamboat or the Bicycle falls uppermost, and certain numbers fall uppermost also, the holder of the Steamboat or the Bicycle may take for himself from the General Stock as many counters as the sum of the numbers on the cubes. For instance, if the Steamboat and 3 and 5 fall uppermost on the cubes, the holder of the Steamboat receives 8 counters from the General Stock.

But if *both* Steamboat and Bicycle fall uppermost, accompanied by some numbers on the

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cubes, then the Automobile is entitled to the counters from the General Stock (as many as the sum of the numbers), and the Steamboat and the Bicycle get nothing.

If numbers only show on the thrown cubes, then the player who threw them is entitled to the counters from the General Stock, as many as the sum of the numbers thrown. When so many counters have been won by the players that the General Stock is reduced to a small number, the rules change somewhat.

If any player throws numbers whose sum is greater than the number of counters in the General Stock, he can take nothing from the Stock, but must pay to the holder of the Wheelbarrow as many counters as the difference between the number thrown and the number in the Stock. For instance, if a player throws numbers which sum up eleven, and there are only seven counters in the General Stock, that player must pay four counters to the holder of the Wheelbarrow. Of course, if he holds the Wheelbarrow himself, no payment is made.

After the holder of the Wheelbarrow has re-

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ceived one payment for the reason that the General Stock did not hold sufficient counters to pay the player who threw the cubes, should all blanks be thrown, the players do not pay to the holder of the Locomotive, but the holder of the Locomotive pays one counter to the holder of the Wheelbarrow.

Again, after this stage of the game is reached, if the Steamboat or the Bicycle cube is thrown, with blanks, the holder of Steamboat or Bicycle pays one counter to the holder of the Wheelbarrow. If *both* Steamboat and Bicycle are thrown, with blanks, the holder of the Automobile pays one counter to the holder of the Wheelbarrow. But if the Steamboat *or* the Bicycle is thrown, with numbers, the holder of the Steamboat or the Bicycle must pay to the holder of the Wheelbarrow the difference between the number thrown and the number in the General Stock. Likewise, if the Steamboat *and* Bicycle are thrown, with numbers, the holder of the Automobile must pay to the holder of the Wheelbarrow as many counters as the difference be-

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tween the number thrown and the number in the General Stock.

If at any time a player has not sufficient counters to continue the game, he may borrow of any one, and pay them back as soon as possible.

When any player takes the last counter from the General Stock, the game is ended, and he who has the greatest number of counters is the winner.

Supposing, for instance, that only four counters are in the General Stock. If the numbers on the cubes thrown necessitate a payment of *more* than four, the General Stock is left untouched and payments are made between the players as above stated. If the numbers thrown call for a payment of *less* than four, the players entitled to counters receive them from the General Stock. But if the number of counters to be paid is exactly *four*, then the four are paid out and the game is finished. The players then count their counters, and he who has the most has won the game. Although several plays may be made without using the few counters left in

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the General Stock, yet the very fact that there are so few in the Stock causes the players themselves to hold a large number, and they are, of course, able to make the necessary payments. And sooner or later a throw will be made which clears the Stock and concludes the game.

These directions, at first reading, may seem very complicated and uninteresting. You will soon find, however, if you begin the game, that it is not difficult at all, but that it proves more fascinating every time it is played. The ups and downs of fortune are very amusing, and a player may change from wealth to poverty with astonishing rapidity. Of course, it goes without saying that strict honesty and unfailing good nature are necessary to make the game a success.

OVER THE BALUSTER

A MONOLOGUE

SCENE: An upper hall and the baluster of a winding stair-case. From below there come sounds of an orchestra playing "Won't You Come Out and Play With Me." From a chamber door enters Marjorie, in a blue bathrobe over her nightdress, and blue bedroom slippers. She holds a large doll in her arms and steps softly, looking cautiously about.

"Oh, goody! Nobody's here! I just couldn't stay in bed when I heard that music!" (*Hums with the music and dances about softly.*)

"Oh, the day I went to see that opera! I think it was an opera; but anyway it was lovely. We went early, and at first all I could see was a darkish sort of light, and a big, wrinkly curtain; and the boxes were all full of spindle-legged white chairs that looked exactly as if they

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were the skeletons of people who sat there ever so long ago.

“Then the music began. All the violins and flutes played together, and it was just like a big wave of sounding glory, and it made me feel all quivery, as if my soul would burst from my body and fly away. Then the curtain went up, and everything happened at once. It was just one great group of sparkle, and a princely lady came in and stalked around like this, and then she flung herself down and died! Oh, it was the funniest thing I ever saw! I wish mamma would let me go to the opera oftener. I hardly ever can go to things, and I’m ’most sixteen—that is, I’m nearly half of it or more.

“Now the music has stopped. I can hear them laughing and talking downstairs. Keep still, Emily Augusta, they’ll hear you! Are you cold? There, dear, don’t cry; little mother will walk you. There, there, baby heart, go to sleep in mother’s arms. We’ll go back to bed in a minute; but little mother wants to hear just one more pretty music. Oh, they’re playing ‘Kiss Me Good-night, Dear Love.’ Aunt Ethel sings

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that so sweetly! I can sing it, too. I'll sing it to you, Emily Augusta, if you'll go to sleep." (*Sings doll to sleep, and lays it on a couch near by.*)

"Oh, how gay it sounds downstairs! The lovely gentlemen are prancing around, and the lovely ladies are all decked out with flowers and jewelry. It must be splendid to be a young lady, and have young men send you boxes of roses with the stems sticking out of the end of the box, and violets tied up with cord and tassels. I don't care so much for violets; but the cord and tassels are lovely to trim dolls' hats. Aunt Ethel gives me all of hers." (*Listens.*)

"That's her voice now. I hear her smiling. Oh, my Aunt Ethel is the loveliest thing! I'm glad mother gave this dance for her, because Aunt Ethel let me go to her room and see her dress, and she does look so sweet, dressing. And such a beauty frock as she put on! It was white, and sprinkled all over with embrodiery all full of tiny blue stones, just like turquoise measles, and it had the longest train, and such a low neck—that falling-off effect on the shoul-

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ders, you know! Oh, Aunt Ethel did look so sweet! And her flowers!

“Ever so many men sent her flowers. She let me open the boxes—all except Mr. Phillips’—she opened that herself. And in it were the biggest pink roses in the world. Oh, such beauties! And what do you think? Aunt Ethel put her face right down into them so, and nearly spoiled them.

“But that’s Aunt Ethel there, and I guess she doesn’t care much for Mr. Phillips, ’cause whenever he sends her flowers she doesn’t try to keep them nice and neat; but just kisses them and worries them till they’re good for nothing.

“I think there ought to be a cemetery for poor little dead flowers; they’re too pretty to throw away.

“Well, she broke the heads off of two or three of her big pink roses, she was so rambunctious. And, anyway, when roses are cold, when they just come in from the street, their heads break off awful easy. I’m glad children aren’t like that. S’pose when I came in from my walk all

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cold and rosy, and mamma kissed me, s'pose my head snapped off!

“Oh, hear that lovely waltz!” (*Hums “La, la, la, la, la, la,” and dances about.*)

“I wish I could be downstairs in it all, instead of up here alone with only a doll, and her sound asleep.

“I am going to peep over the banister; maybe I can see Aunt Ethel.” Goes cautiously to baluster, and peeps over, then turns away laughing, with her hand over her mouth. “Oh, it’s so funny to see the tops of people’s heads like that! I never saw people before from the top. It’s just like I was in Heaven looking back to earth.” (*Looks again.*)

“Oh, there’s Mr. Griswold, and he’s so bald! From here his head looks just like a big, flat mushroom. I don’t see how he ever gets it all under one hat, unless it’s a big picture hat like Aunt Ethel’s.

“Oh, he’s looking up! He must have heard me giggle. Now he’s fixing his eye-glass—he’s only got one. I suppose his other eye is made of

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glass.” (*Imitates him.*) “I wonder why he uses his mouth so much to get his eye-glass in place.

“Now he’s gone. Oh, there’s Mr. Bentley and Mrs. Vanderveer! Her gown has that falling-off effect, too! Gracious! I should think it had! From here she looks just like a roll-top desk—one of those very light oak ones. Mr. Bentley has funny hair—it’s so thick and light brown and bushy and bristly. I never saw the top of it before. Why, it’s just like a door-mat. I should think he’d have ‘Welcome’ cut in it, or else his street number.

“Now they’re gone. This is just like a parade. I never had such fun! If only nobody comes up here!

“Oh-ho, there’s Aunt Ethel! Isn’t she beautiful? From here she looks lovely—like a big blue-and-white cream puff. Only it shows where that new hair wave of hers joins her pompadour; but of course, that doesn’t show to people downstairs. Who is that with her? Oh, Mr. Denning! She doesn’t like him a bit, I know. She hardly looked at the flowers he sent her. Violets, they were, tied with a lot of lavender gauze

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ribbon. Isn't it queer how you can tell where flowers come from by the things they have tied on them? Of course, you can tell by the box, too, and to-morrow I'm to have that gauze ribbon to trim Emily Augusta's new hat—Aunt Ethel said so.

“Her pink roses are keeping pretty good. Oh, there's one just broken off now, and it fell smash on the floor! She didn't see it, though. Now she's gone, and that lovely big rose is just lying there. I wish I had a bent pin and a string, and I'd hook it up.

“Here comes Miss Daisy French. Why, she has picked up Aunt Ethel's rose! I'm glad she did. Poor little rose! I shouldn't want it to be all trampled to pieces.

“Miss Daisy is awful thin; she ought to drink milk or take a massage or something; and she's silly, too. Now Mr. Denning has come, and she's rolling her eyes at him awfully. This way, you know.

“Aunt Ethel doesn't act like that; she's just natural. Oh, Aunt Ethel is so sweet!

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"Now Miss Daisy is talking to Mr. Denning. She's supposed to be awful witty." [*Listens.*]

"Oh," with an air of disgust, "she said: 'Next time I fall in love, I think it will be with you.' Now, isn't that silly?" [*Listens again.*]

"And Mr. Denning said: 'Oh, thank you; but the line at the box office is already so long, and I'm not very patient.'

"Isn't that witty? That's what they call repartee. They always talk that way at parties.

"Now, Miss Daisy said: 'This is an earnest of it.' I wonder what an earnest is.

"Now she is putting the rose in his buttonhole. Why, that's Aunt Ethel's rose! She wouldn't like to have Mr. Denning wear it; but then she has plenty more, and Aunt Ethel's awful generous.

"Now they've gone away, rose and all. I wish some more people would come. That's such a cosy little place down there in the corner of the stair-landing. It's a real cosy-corner. Papa hates it, says it looks like 'put up complete for \$3.69'; but mother thinks it's artistic, and Aunt Ethel says it looks as if it would tumble down every minute; but it's a good flirting place. I

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suppose it is; but when I grow up I'm not going to flirt under a lot of wobbly old tin spears and helmets, and dusty old Turkish draperies—they're awful dusty from up here—I want something more romantic.

“I'm not going to be silly when I grow up. I shall be haughty and high-born, like a princess or an actress. I shall walk around all proud like this, and wear high-heeled slippers and a bead chain with tassels on. And when the young men come to see me, I shall hold my hand away out, so, and the young man will kiss it and say, ‘Oh, Princess, live forever!’ and immediately I'll live forever.

“Then I'll say: ‘I pray you sit,’ and of course, he'll sit. Oh, it will be perfectly lovely! I wish it was now; and now I've nothing but trouble. I'm so young, and I'm so hungry, and my goldfish is sick besides.

“The worst thing is being so young, and then mamma always wants to make me out even younger, at least she does on the street-cars. Why, yesterday, we were going across town, and we didn't have any transfers. We'd been out all

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the morning, and we had had so many transfers that our trip was a regular plaid; but this time we didn't have any, and mamma said she wasn't going to pay for me; she'd say I was five years old. So when the conductor came along, mamma gave him five cents, and he said awful cross: 'How old is the child?' and mamma said five years old, and the conductor looked at me; but I had scrouched all down in the seat, and pulled my frock up to my knees, and I put my finger in my mouth, and said: 'Mamma!' just like a baby. And that conductor just grunted and went on. But mamma spoiled it all by giggling." (*Looks over the baluster again.*)

"Oh, there's Mrs. Hopkins! She does wear the stunningest clothes! I don't see how they fitted that solid jet all over her. She's a funny lady. They say she can't talk grammar, and I don't believe she knows much about geography. Mamma says she is a cat. Aunt Ethel says she is a climber, and papa always calls her 'that glittering atrocity.' From here she doesn't look like anything but a big jet cloud with a silk lining.

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“Now she’s gone, and, oh, goody! Here’s Aunt Ethel again, and Mr. Phillips is with her. I guess they’re both happy; but they don’t look so. Why, I wonder what’s the matter. Aunt Ethel looks as if she was going to cry. Why, I do believe Mr. Phillips is scolding her! Oh, isn’t he horrid?” (*Listens and her eyes open wide in indignation.*)

“He said: ‘And Denning is wearing one of the roses I sent you!’

And Aunt Ethel just said: ‘Yes?’ in that icy little way of hers. Oh, why doesn’t she tell him that she didn’t give her rose to that horrid man? I’d tell him myself if I dared; but if they catch me up here they’ll send me to bed.

“Now Mr. Phillips is talking to her again. He says: ‘You care so little for my flowers, why do you wear them at all?’

“And Aunt Ethel just looks down and picks at the flowers. Oh, she is exasperating! She looks awful pretty though, except that place on top of her head where her false wave shows; but Mr. Phillips can’t see that. I think she’s silly to wear it anyway; she has just lovely hair of her

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own; but she says she can't have that fashionable Marcel effect without wearing it.

"Oh, Mr. Phillips said: 'Why did you give it to him, Ethel?' in such a tragic tone! Oh, isn't it lovely! I think he's going to kill himself or propose to her, or something! I'm so glad I'm here!

"Now Aunt Ethel's looking at him like that big marble lady in the art gallery—Medea, I think her name is. Gracious, she looks as if she'd bite his head off! I don't see what she's so mad about.

"'Let me pass, please, Mr. Phillips!' Oh, auntie, what a goose you are! 'Let me pass, please, Mr. Phillips!' and she's walking away like this." (*Holding back her skirt, and with her chin high in the air, Marjorie stalks off indignantly. Then she returns and looks over the baluster again.*)

"Oh, that poor Mr. Phillips, he's still standing there, so despairful. It's a shame for him to think that Aunt Ethel gave that rose to Mr. Denning. I wish I could tell him she didn't! Ahem!" (*whispers.*) "Mr. Phillips. He can't

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hear me, on account of the music playing. Oh, Mr. Denning has come, and he's talking to him. I can't hear what he says; but he's laughing like everything. It must be a good joke, he laughs so hard. Now, Mr. Phillips is laughing too; but it's different—he's laughing as if his heart would break. I suppose it makes him feel so awful to see that pink rose in Jack Denning's buttonhole. Now Mr. Denning has gone, and Mr. Phillips looks as sad as my wax doll that got her face melted. I must tell him about that rose.

“Ahem—ahem-m-m-m! Mister Phillips! Oh, he can't hear me, and I dare not speak any louder! I wish I could drop something down on his head.” Looks around. “I don't see anything to drop.” Looks in bathrobe pocket. “No, I left my handkerchief under my pillow.” Looks in other pocket. “Oh, here's Emily Augusta's bonnet; this will do, it's such a light thing.” Drops bonnet over baluster. “Oh, it struck him square on the head. Now he's looking up and smiling at me.” (*Whispers.*) “Mr. Phillips, don't look up; but just listen to me. Can you hear me? Well, Aunt Ethel did not give that rose to Mr.

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Denning! Oh, yes, I do know what I'm talking about! That rose broke off Aunt Ethel's bunch and fell to the floor, and Miss Daisy French picked it up and put it in Mr. Denning's button-hole.

"Look down, quick, there's somebody coming!"

(Marjorie draws back and crouches behind baluster, then rising again, peeps cautiously over.) "Have they gone? Well, anyhow, Mr. Phillips, it was all Miss French's fault—she did it on purpose. Why? Because she doesn't like Aunt Ethel. Well you are stupid, because Miss Daisy likes you, herself, and she thinks you like Aunt Ethel. You do, don't you? Yes, I thought so, and Aunt Ethel likes you, too. You just ought to have seen her kiss your flowers when they came! She broke off two or three then, they were so cold, you know; but Mr. Denning didn't get those—I got them myself. Now, you go and hunt Aunt Ethel, and tell her that it's all right. She's so stuck up, you know, she never would tell you; but I know she thinks you're unjust to her, and that's an awful thing for a young man to be to a young lady. And look

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here, Mr. Phillips, wait a minute; you'll be unjust to me if you tell that I'm up here! I was sent to bed, you know; but I just couldn't sleep, with that lovely music playing.

"Now, he's gone away.

"Oh, here he comes back again, and Aunt Ethel is with him." (*Listens.*)

"He is saying: 'Why did you let me think you gave that rose to Denning, when you knew how much I cared?'

"Oh, isn't that romantic! I think Mr. Phillips is perfectly lovely!

"Now Aunt Ethel is speaking; but she doesn't look at him. She is just looking down at those everlasting roses; but she looks awful pretty.

"She is saying: 'How could you think I would do such a thing, when you knew—how——'

"'How you cared? Oh, Ethel, do you care, just a little?'

"Now it's up to Aunt Ethel! Oh, isn't it exciting? Why, she doesn't look at him yet; she just smells of those roses. Mr. Phillips, Mis-ter Phil-lips, she does care! Honest, she does!

"Oh, yes, I'm here yet. No, I don't want to go

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to bed! What? A whole box of chocolates? And a new French doll? To-morrow? Well, all right, then I'll go away. But you promise not to tell that I was here. All right. Good-night!

"I don't want to go to bed a bit; but a whole box of chocolates, and a new French doll! Come on, Emily Augusta, we'll go."

HILARITY HALL
OR THE
BROTHERHOOD OF BACHELORS.

A Musical Farce in Three Acts.

THE play opens at Robin's Nest, where we are introduced to six Sisters who are under the chaperonage of Gabriella, formerly the Prioress of the Convent Belles Sisterhood.

She, having eloped with the Burglar, Mr. Robin Steele, has taken the Sisters to live with her in her new home, on condition that they share the domestic labors.

They find these duties irksome, while Mr. and Mrs. Robin Steele, on their part, consider the Sisters' tastes extravagant.

A Brotherhood of Bachelors, to which Robin,

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under the title of Brother Benedicktus, formerly belonged, is in the vicinity.

From here the plot thickens, and only those of the audience who remain until the end of the play can unravel its intricacies.

CAST

“Condemn the fault and not the actor of it.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

ROBIN STEELE, ESQ.,

A Burglar, Otherwise BROTHER BENEDICKTUS,

Bawling Brothers,

HILARIUS

ERRATICUS

PREPOSTERUS

ROBUSTICUS

PUGNATIUS

ANONYMUS

MRS. ROBIN STEELE,

A Chaperon, Otherwise SISTER GABRIELLA,

Shrieking Sisters,

ANGELINA

CHERUBINA

BEATIFICA

CELESTINA

SERAPHINA

GLORIANA.

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SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Morning Room at Robin's Nest.

“A man's a man for a' that.”—BURNS.

ACT II.—Hilarity Hall.

“Fate's a fiddle; life's a dance.”

—HENLEY.

ACT III.—Garden at Robin's Nest.

“The best-laid schemes o' mice
and men Gang aft a-gley.”

—BURNS.

The action of this play occurs in the morning, afternoon and evening of the same day.

ACT I

TIME. Morning.

SCENE. Morning-room at Robin's Nest.

(The Sisters are discovered lazily fanning and singing.)

CHORUS¹

Waft, waft in slow, sweet cadences,
Each fan whose use a maiden's is.
More worthy praise, in summer days,
Than needle, spoon or pen.

¹ Air from “Utopia, Limited,” by Cilbert & Sullivan.

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Touch lightly each resounding string,
Oh, Wandering Minstrel, while we sing
Of hearts by fate made desolate
And of the Now and Then.

Waft, waft in slow, sweet cadances,
Each fan whose use a maiden's is;

SOLO

Celestina.

Time was when we could sit and gaze
On sunset gleam and placid stream;
But now have come quite other days
Of fret and moil, and ceaseless toil.

CHORUS

Our daily task we must not shirk,
Our Chaperon keeps us hard at work;
So hard at work; so hard at work

Beatifica. Well, I don't know what you all think, but it seems to me we didn't gain much by leaving the Nunnery, and coming to live at Robin's Nest.

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They promised us rare fun—

Seraphina. It couldn't very well be rarer—I haven't seen any!

Angelina. Nor I! What seems fun to them—

Cherubina. Seam's fun to them! Well, a seam's no fun to me. I shall never finish this, it isn't even turned down yet—

Gloriana. It's a long seam that has no turning—But

Once there was a little girl who wouldn't sew
her seam,

And when she went to sleep that night she had
an awful dream—

She thought a great big monster came and hovered
o'er her head,

His claws were made of needles, and his tail
was made of thread.

And he whisked her off to a lonely isle, where
the thimble-berries grow,

And there, hemmed in by cotton-trees, she had
to sit and sew

So be careful, Cherubina, and mind what you are
about,

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For the Chaperon'll catch you if you

Don't

Watch

Out!

But, Sisters, are we going to stand this incessant grind? It's nothing but work, work, work, from morning till night! Let's wind up the works, and strike!

Celestina. Happy thought, we'll boycott the Burglar!

Cherubina. And we'll hold up the Chaperon's train.

Angelina. Six walking delegates!

Seraphina. With walking-papers.

Beatifica. It's a delegate matter.

Gloriana. It's a striking situation. The hour has come! We have submitted too long to the Chaperon's fell designs, and we revolt! We want out rights, our whole rights, and nothing but our rights. Are we to be simply machines, sewing-machines, treadled by the iron foot of the Chaperon?

All. No!

Gloriana. Are we to be nothing but human

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needles, ground on the oppressor's emery wheel
to the point of desperation?

All. No!

Gloriana. Are we to be as wax in her hands,
making the seamy side of life easy sewing for
her?

All. No!

Gloriana. Or shall we rise, fling aside this
white, washed witness to our woe, throw off our
thimbles, sheathe our scissors, and drop—

(Enter Chaperon.)

CHORUS¹

When Time trudges, and the days
Long and weary seem, ah!
Then each maid her skill displays;
Bright the needles gleam, ah!

Trouble's tatters we repair,
Mend the raveled sleeve of care.
Gather up Life's loosened threads,
And snip our sorrows into shreds,
Our sorrows into shreds.

¹ Air from "Princess Ida," by Gilbert and Sullivan.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

It's sew, sew, sew, sew,
Sew, sew, sew,
So long as Time extends it,
Till the Fury with the shears
Cuts the thread and ends it.

Gabriella '(recitative).²

My sisters all, it gives me satisfaction,
To see you sitting sewing so demurely;
It seems to me you find great pleasure in it,
A pure delight, a wild exhilaration.

All. We do.

Gabrielle.

That being so, I think it is my duty
To moderate your transports so hilarious,
And soothe your high-strung nerves by manual
labor;

By wholesome, healthy, honest manual labor;
And so betake yourselves into the garden
With rakes and trowels, hoes and spades and
shovels;

Into the bowery, flowery, showery garden
Go thither, Sisters!

[(Exeunt Sisters.)]

² Air from "Utopia Limited."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Gabriella (soliloquizing). Oh, unhappy that I am, forced by a relentless fate to wear this mask of tragedy, when all my features are constructed upon the light-comedy plan. (Looking in mirror.) Now just look at them! Brow—certainly not made for brow-beating. Eyes—nothing cross about those eyes. Nose—distinctly soubrette. My blooming cheek! Lips—made for laughter, not for lectures. And the whole effect—light-comedy, absurdly light-comedy! And yet they expect me to be a matronly model for six sprightly specimens of modern young womanhood. I stifle in this polluting atmosphere of prudery and precision, and breathe again only in moments of freedom like these.

(*Sings.*)

CHAPERON'S SONG¹

I'm the Chaperon, gay and frisky,
And the role that I have to play,
Is decidedly rash and risky,
And I know I'll slip up some day.

¹ Air, The "Kerry Dance."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

When the girls are all around me,
I'm as staid as a cup of tea;
And my prudish airs astound me
When I think of what I can be

Oh, my prudery! Oh, my dignity!
And what I can be!

I'm the Chaperon, gay and frisky;
And the role that I have to play,
Is decidedly rash and risky,
And I know I'll slip up some day.

Oh, it's slow, when we all sit round in state;
Eyes cast down and our faces long and straight;
Prim and staid, our manners quite correct;
All approach to frivolousness checked.

I assume a pedantic pose,
But at heart I feel—

I'm the Chaperon, gay and frisky, etc., etc.

(*Enter Robin Steele.*)

Robin. My dear! the girls! Why this excessive frivolity? You forget yourself!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Gabriella. Forget myself? I am trying to remember myself as I was in those happy, happy days before our marriage. Ah, me!

Robin. Happy days, indeed. No bills——
Look at this. (Producing bills.)

Gabriella. Mine? Well, I'm sure they're very reasonable.

Robin. No, those miserable girls!

Gabriella. Oh, what shocking extravagance!

DUET¹

Gabriella and Robin.

R. Gabriella, my exchequer's getting low.

G. Robin, dear, for that I'm surely not to blame.

R. 'Tis appalling to consider what I owe.

G. And the way those girls run bills up is a shame.

R. I can never face our creditors severe.

G. You must leave that mission delicate to me.

R. Well, just hint how you would act, should one appear.

G. That depends on what his attitude may be.

R. If he exercises tact, how will Gabriella act?

¹ Air from "The Gaiety Girl."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

G. She an equal act will show, just like *that*,
don't you know?

R. If he threatens that he'll sue, what will Gabriella do?

G. Then contemptuous she'll grow, just like
that, don't you know?

Both. And as long as we've got our answer pat,
don't you know?

We'll pooh-pooh our obligations just like
that, don't you know?

R. Gabriella, I am very much perplexed.

G. Robin, dear, you look decidedly upset.

R. I'm afraid those girls will never be annexed.

G. Oh, cheer up, we're sure to get them married
yet.

R. I can never hope to get them off our hands.

G. That's another mission you must leave to me.

R. What will *you* do, if a suitor pleading
stands?

G. That depends on what his bank account may
be.

R. If a millionaire should woo, what would
Gabriella do?

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

G. She would genially glow, just like *that*,
don't you know?

R. Should the Sister smile on *he*, where would
Gabriella be?

G. Why, of course, she would lie low, just like
that, don't you know?

Both. If the suitor should be talking through
his hat, don't you know?

We will pin him to his promise, just like
that, don't you know?

Robin (reads). For Seraphina, one silk waist,
boned. Well, if it was *boned*, I don't see why
they charge \$27 for it.

Gabriella (reads). Gloves for Beatifica, \$18.
Ten per cent. off. Why, that's funny. Do they
charge less for gloves off than on?

Robin (reads). Ten yards plaid gingham.
Fast colors, warranted not to run. H'm, can't be
very fast if they don't run.

Gabriella (reads). Hat, \$75. High hats are
evidently the style this season. Wrap for Glori-
ana.

Robin. I'm glad she got a rap. She needs it.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Total, one hundred and fifty dollars and no cents. No sense, I should think so. I'll be ruined if this keeps on. You know how hard the times are. There's positively nothing in the burglary business this winter. It's almost impossible to make collections. All the money is in the banks, and so hard to get at.

(Sings.)

ROBBIN' A BANK¹

I am a burglar bold,
Fearless and frank;
From Fate's insistent hold,
Fortunes I yank.
When honest people sleep,
When the cats their vigils keep,
Forth on my raids I creep,
Robbin' a bank.

What's petty larceny to
Robbin' a bank?
What is sneak-thievery to
Robbin' a bank?

¹ Air "Robin Adair."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

How else is burglary
What it's cracked up to be?
Herein is joy for me,
Robbin' a bank.

Here meet, on boodle bent,
Men of each rank.
Burglar and President,
Cashier and Crank.
Then when the deed is done,
Canada-ward we run;
Oh, but it's lots of fun,
Robbin' a bank.

Robin. Well, this won't do for me, I must be off. (Looking at watch.) I can't take any more time.

Gabriella (laughing). I should think not, you've stolen three watches this week already. Where are you going this morning?

Robin. Meeting of Directors—Burglar's Safe Insurance Company. There are so many absurd precautions observed by capitalists, of late, that we men of principle must look out for our inter-

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

ests. We have started a company for supplying ingenious bankers with our new, patent, double-action, self-opening safes, each one of which we test, and send out, absolutely *burglar-proof*. Good-by, my dear.

Gabriella. Good-by. Take care——

Robin. Yes, I'll take anything I can lay my hands on.

Gabriella. I'll walk to the gate with you.

(*Exeunt.*)

CHORUS OF SISTERS¹

(*Behind scene.*)

Come we from the sun-lit garden

At our Chaperon's behest,

Our hats and gowns with glowing flowers

Fantastically drest.

We have lifted drooping violets,

We have gazed in pansies' eyes,

We have wakened sleepy poppy-heads,

And marked their shy surprise.

¹ Air, "My Lady's Bower."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

We have whispered to the lilies
Of roses' revelry;
And the daffodils grew yellow
With affected jealousy.

We tried fox-gloves on our fingers,
Lady-slippers on our feet,
Tied our hair with ribbon-grasses
Fastened with a marguerite.

And the sun, with rays audacious,
Laughed into our dazzled eyes;
As light-heartedly we frolicked
With the bees and butterflies.

And the flickering shadows joined our dance,
And the south-wind's rhythmic swell
Softly blew the trumpet-flower, and
Rang the Canterbury-bell.

Then the sun-kissed flowers grew sleepy,
Lulled to languor with the breeze;
And the shortening shadows vanished
Underneath the quiet trees.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

So we left the sun-lit garden

To the brown bees' drowsy drone,

And we wandered back, flour-laden,

To greet the Chaperon.

(*Enter Sisters.*)

Beatifica. Why, she isn't here!

Cherubina. Well, that's a good thing; now we'll have a chance to discuss our new gowns.

Seraphina. Hark, I hear them outside. What are they saying? Listen!

Robin (outside, to *Gabriella*). Yes, its perfectly outrageous, the way those girls insist on running up bills at every shop in town. I cannot stand it! They are extravagant wretches! They *must not* buy so many new gowns. And the jeweler's bill has just come in. How much do you think it is?

THE BURGLE SONG.

Seraphina.

The Burglar blows about the clothes,

And costly jewels the girls are getting;

He swears, and scowls, and groans and growls,

His previous contract sore regretting.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Blow, Burglar, Blow,
Send the wild sisters flying,
Blow, Burglar, answers echoes
Flying, Flying, Flying.

Oh, hark ! oh, hear ! how loud and clear,
And louder, nearer, madder growing,
With direful threats about his debts,
The blustering Burglar still is blowing.

Blow, Burglar, Blow,
Send the wild sisters flying,
Blow, Burglar, answers echoes
Sighing, Sighing, Sighing.

Although his tread may wake the dead,
Although his voice with rage may quiver,
We'll never stop, from shop to shop,
We'll buy forever and forever.

Blow, Burglar, Blow,
Send the wild sisters flying,
Blow, Burglar, answer sisters,
Buying, Buying, Buying.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Cherubina. Yes, we'll go shopping for new gowns to-morrow.

Angelina. I have some samples for mine.

All. So have I.

CHORUS.

Sing a song of samples,
A pocket full of stuff.
Four and twenty patterns,
But we haven't got enough.
When the shops are open,
The girls begin to flock.
Isn't *that* a pretty piece
To make a pretty frock?

The Burglar's in the tantrums,
'Cause we spend his money;
The Chaperon's in a fidget,
'Cause creditors are dunny;
The sisters are in clover,
As you may suppose,
Sitting on the parlor floor
Choosing summer clothes.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Celestina. What do you think of this, trimmed with lace?

Angelina. A frill round the neck, and very large sleeves—

Beatifica. Blue spots on a white ground—

Cherubina. This will wash; the shopkeeper told me so.

Seraphina. How does this color suit me?

Celestina. I suppose ten yards will be enough?

Angelina. What about overskirts?

Beatifica. I shall have it tailor-made.

Seraphina. Green is very trying.

Cherubina. With ruffles cut on the bias.

Angelina. After all, what a prominent part dress plays in the drama of life.

Cherubina. Sister Angelina feels inspired, I see it in her eye.

Beatifica. The floor for Sister Angelina!

All. Hear! Hear!

MONOLOGUE.

Angelina.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

But lovely woman with her witching wiles,
Far better acts her part than awkward man;
With clever, ready wit she takes her cues,
Adapts herself to each and every role,
Is sad or merry, grave or gay at will;
Enacts with equal ease the pert soubrette,
Or blushing ingénue, or tragic queen.
And in her time plays many various parts,
Her acts being seven ages.

At first the infant
Noting the ribbons on her nurse's cap,
And then the school-girl with her shining braids
And spotless pinafore; conning her task,
Rising from form to form, until she blooms
In cap and gown, a sweet girl-graduate.
And then the lovely debutante, all smiles,
And airy chiffon gown and ribbons white,
And flowers and fans, and just a trace or two
Of sentiment embodied in a note,
Or faded flower, or treasured photograph.
And then the beauteous belle of all the ball-
rooms,
Heroine of several winters; clever, cool,
Graciously kind to foreign noblemen,

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Seeking a title role, lest she remain,
As now, a peerless beauty. Then the bride,
In fair, white, trailing robes, with orange blooms,
Priceless ancestral lace, and family pearls,
With blushing, downcast glance, and modest
 mein,
Unthinking vows, "Love, honor and obey."
And then the widow in her dainty weeds,
Whose youthful charms and coquette glance belie
Her stalwart sons. Her matron's voice
Turning again to the happy girlish tones,
So well she plays her part. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
The dowager, with jewels and feathers decked,
Eager to gossip, eager too, to hear
The latest scandal. Seeing everything
Through glasses darkly. Charming to the last,
A wondrous masterpiece of modern art,
False teeth, false hair, false skin, false every-
 thing.

(*Enter Gloriana.*)

Gloriana. 'Sh!

Celestina. What has happened?

Gloriana. Listen, I was in the garden, alone

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

with Nature; I was at one with Nature. The merry little birds sang; so did I. The brook babbled; so did I. Time passed along; so did I. The sun beamed; so did I. Suddenly the universal harmony was jarred by a discordant note. Nature and I felt intruded upon. Who could be the intruder? A poplar lifted its head above the garden wall; so did I. We shivered. I stood rooted to the spot; so did the poplar. A burr, wind-driven, caught on to the intruder; so did I. Aha! A serpent had entered our Eden—

All. Horrors! Snakes!

Gloriana. Yes, a hooded cobra, but in human form. Within the range of my startled vision, came a brown cowl.

Angelina. A brown *cow*?

Gloriana. No, *cowl*.

Cherubina. Cowl? A monk's cowl?

Gloriana. Scowl! Yes, I should say he did. He gave such an icy stare that the temperature fell several degrees, and so did he, in my estimation. Then he buried his scowl in his cowl and departed.

Seraphina. Is that all?

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Celestina. Who could it have been?

Angelina. What did he look like?

Beatifica. Was he young?

Cherubina. Which way did he go? How stupid of you not to find out more.

Gloriana. Don't interrupt. Worse followed. So did I.

All. Ah!

Gloriana. He stalked ahead, I stalked afoot.

Angelina. Didn't he know you were there?

Gloriana. No, men don't know anything! After what seemed like miles, we came to an old stone building.

Beatifica. Gray?

Celestina. Grim?

Cherubina. And ivy creeping all over it?

Gloriana. Yes, enough to make your flesh creep! He went in—I cautiously crept up and looked in through the window. Around a long table, riotously regaling themselves, were other cowed creatures.

Seraphina. Men?

Gloriana. Apologies for men!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Beatifica. Apologies? Then they ought to be accepted.

Gloriana. The man I followed took his seat at the table, and——

All. Well?

Gloriana. That's all; I came home.

TRIO¹

Celestina, Cherubina and Seraphina.

For weeks our life quiescent ran,
Nothing was much more likely than
Each day should end as it began,
But now, at last, we've seen a man!

Angelina. Girls, how would it be if — —?

Seraphina. Yes, don't you think that possibly we might — —?

Beatifica. Seems to me there would be no harm in our — —?

Cherubina. Well, suppose we should — —?

¹ Air from "Utopia, Limited."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Celestina. Of course, the Chaperon mustn't know, but if we only dare — —?

Gloriana. The Chaperon'll catch you if you don't watch out.

CHORUS¹

The mind of a woman entertains
Vagaries most erratic;
No logic bemuddles her feminine brains,
By quick intuition her point she attains,
Her mind is made up, and thereafter remains
Made up in a manner emphatic.

This is exactly the case with us,
No matter how we may rue it;
Although the Chaperon kicks up a fuss,
A forcible, fidgety, family fuss,
We've made up our minds, and *we'll do it!*

Now this is the time, and this the place,
We put down our foot collective;
We'll carry it through with an innocent face,
And carefully hide each damaging trace,

¹ Air from "The Gondoliers," Gilbert and Sullivan.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

And if there is risk of future disgrace,
Rely on our League Protective.

We take an Oath of Fealty thus;
Our plot we carefully brew it;
Although the Chaperon kicks up a fuss,
A forcible, fidgety, family fuss,
We've made up our minds, and *we'll do it!*

It's time our escapade began;
So cease this dim uproarious;
We'll — — — — —*
And — — — — —
It is a most magnificent plan,
'Twill surely prove victorious.

If thus the Chaperon we nonplus,
She certainly won't see through it;
But even should she kick up a fuss,
A forcible, fidgety, family fuss,
We've made up our minds, and *we'll do it!*

END OF ACT I.

* They whisper to one another.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

ACT II

TIME. Afternoon.

SCENE. Hilarity Hall.

Seated at the table are:

BROTHER HILARIUS.

BROTHER ROBUSTICUS.

“ ERRATICUS.

“ PUGNATIUS.

“ PREPOSTERUS.

“ ANONYMUS.

CHORUS OF BROTHERS¹

Here's to Hilarity,

Jolly good fellows we,

Fill up your stein with Rhenish wine,

And drink with me.

Drink to the death of Care,

Drudgery and Despair,

Drink to a life with Laughter rife,

And free as air.

¹ Air “The Scout,”

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Here in content we sit,
 Bothering not a bit,
Though in the world's mendacious mart,
 Men fret and smart.

Though in a morbid mood,
 Greedy for solitude,
Anchorite grim in cloister dim
 May sit and brood.

We have the better plan,
 From feminine fetters free,
Celibates to a man
 Pledged to Hilarity.
 Ha! Ha! Ha!

SOLO

Brother Preposterus.

While we sit with half-closed eyes,
 Watching misty smoke-wreaths ascending;
Memory wakes, and visions arise,
 Realities with fancies blending.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Give my pipe, good brother, to me,

Here is balm for sadness and sorrow,

Calm content and sweet charity,

Peace for to-day, and joy for to-morrow.

CHORUS—Here's to Hilarity, etc.

Hilarius. A truce to this fooling! Cease these loud-mouthed japes and jibes! Hath not the dish-washing tarried these many moons? Are our brooms rusty in their scabbards? Do not our mops hang idle on the walls? Go to! These things must not be! Brother Erraticus, thou lazy varlet, bestir thyself, get a move on thee, and wash the dishes.

Erraticus. By the Great Horn Spoon! that will I not do. Only yestreen Brother Anonymus played on me a most scurvy trick. He promised to share with me a delectable dish of clam chowder, if I would cleanse the delft whilst he concocted the savory mess, and then, the sneaking knave, what did he? This did he. When I went for my share, he had already greedily emptied

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

the platter, and met my hungry looks with derisive jeers.

Hilarius. Now, shame on thee, Brother Anonymus, to treat thy brother thus.

Pugnatius. Nay, but hear the truth. Brother Erraticus, that shifty rascal, what did he? This did he! Piled trenchers, platters, mugs in one unwashen heap behind the kitchen door, and there be they unto this hour.

Hilarius. So, so, Brother Erraticus, get thee to thy neglected task, and to see to it that it be done before supper time.

(*Exit Erraticus.*)

Robusticus. Much milk remains unchurned within in the buttery. Who churns to-day?

Erraticus (coming in). Do thou this stroke of work, oh, Brother Anonymus, thou worthless worm!

Anonymus. Even a worm will churn. I go.

Hilarius. Remains there aught yet to be done? Bring hither the mending basket. Brother Robusticus, hast darned the hose?

Robusticus. Ay, marry, something far more profane than that have I done to the hose. Need-

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lecraft is but a puny pursuit for a stalwart, lusty brother. The foul fiend fly away with all needles and threads, I say.

Hilarius. Brother Pugnatus, thou art but an idle caitiff! Get up and dust. (Brother Pugnatus dusts.)

Preposterus. And see to it, Pugnatus, that thou leavest not aught of dust in the corners.

Pugnatus. Thou lazy loon! What doest thou?

Preposterus. Hah! Sirrah! Callest thou me a lazy loon?

Pugnatus. Ay, that do I. What hast thou done to earn thy salt except to make hideous howlings and maudlin musickings at unseemly hours?

Preposterus (throwing sofa cushion at him). Take thou that thou slanderous villain!

Pugnatus (hitting him with a feather duster). And take that thou caterwauling minstrel!

Hilarius. Peace! Peace! Such conduct ill befits our order. (Knock is heard.) What ho, without? Marry, Brother Benedicktus!

(*Enter Brother Benedicktus*).

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All. Brother Benedicktus, the married man!

Hilarius. Well, well, poor old chap, how did you get away?

Pugnatius. Is she very domineering?

Erraticus. She must be, judging by his woe-begone appearance.

Anonymus. Well, it's your own fault, you would do it.

Preposterus. Is marriage a failure?

Robusticus. Well, it can't be much worse than this.

Benedicktus. I appreciate your sympathy, but after all, married life has its advantages.

Erraticus. What are they?

Benedicktus. Well, for one thing, a man is never alone. (All groan.) Then he has the advantage of a woman's advice on every subject. (All groan.) He is cheered by her pleasant talkativeness. (All groan.) She delights his eye with her beautiful Paris hats and gowns. (All groan.) He finds her watching and waiting for him when he comes home at night, however late. (All groan.) She washes the dishes——

Erraticus. Ah!

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Benedictus. She plays the piano.

Preposterus. Eh?

Benedictus. She dusts the rooms.

Pugnatius. Eh?

Benedictus. She churns the butter.

Anonymus. Oh!

Benedictus. She darns the stockings.

Robusticus. Hey?

Benedictus. She keeps the domestic machinery going.

Hilarius. Ah!

Benedictus. Add to this six charming young sisters-in-law to make the home happy, and divide the labor. Angelina—as I live that girl's an angel! Celestina—how she can sing! Cherubina—Ah, her merry little ways! Seraphina—what pies she does make! Beatifica—Ah, how she sweeps! Gloriana—to see her scrub! (All sigh.)

Preposterus. Well, how's business?

Benedictus. Pretty bad; nothing doing. Burglary failures reported every night. But I'm not kicking because I have nothing to do. I've cracked several cribs lately, and I deserve a rest.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Erraticus. Yes, you certainly do deserve *arrest*.

Preposterus. A word with you, Brother Benedictus.

(They step aside; the others arrange table.)

Hilarius. Fetch more Rhine wine!

Anonymus. And some tobacco!

Robusticus. And an extra pipe!

Pugnatius. And an extra mug!

Erraticus. Where are the matches?

Preposterus (returning). What are you fellows doing?

Hilarius. A word with you, Brother Benedictus.

(*They step aside.*)

(Each brother in turn speaks to Brother Benedictus privately, after which they all sit at table.)

SOLO

Preposterus.

Brothers, perchance we wrongly ruled our fates
When we decided to be celibates;

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When we resolved to banish woman's wiles,
And seek a home unbrightened by her smiles.

To Trouble's tempest did we bare our head
When we declared that we would never wed?
Cold is the hearth, unkept by woman's care,
Warm glows the fireside when her welcome's
there.

REFRAIN.

Whether we've won more of rejoicing or of rue,
We to our vows must be unalterably true;
Turn from this picture, lest we be too sorely
tried,
Never for us may gleam our own fireside.

We have perhaps lost something of Life's joy;
Can woman soothe when petty cares annoy?
Is she a sunbeam in a darkened room?
Can she dispel an atmosphere of gloom?

Perish the thought! for that way madness lies;
Only destruction lurks in woman's eyes.
Here is our home; our hearts must never ache;
Never beat faster for a woman's sake.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

REFRAIN.

Whether we've won more of rejoicing or of rue,
We to our vows must be unalterably true.

Turn from this picture, lest we be too sorely
tried;

Never for us may gleam our own fireside.

Hilarius. Well, your account of married life sounds well and might deceive men of less experience, but we are too old birds to be caught by a girl's chaff.

Erraticus. Yes, yes; you may try to deceive us, but there is a look of settled melancholy on your face which speaks of curtain lectures and petticoat government.

Anonymus. No, no, Brother Benedicktus; woman may or may not be an angel, it's only a matter of a pinion; but we think not.

Robusticus. Some people say they're the flowers of civilization, but if so, they're artificial flowers.

PLEASANT DAY · DIVERSIONS

SOLO

Robusticus.

Bother the maiden of bashful fifteen!

Bother the matron of fifty!

The one is a flaunting, extravagant queen,

The other is shrewish and shifty.

CHORUS.

Let the toast pass;

Man is an ass

When he perils his pipe and his peace for a lass.

Petticoat government isn't the thing,

Feminine franchise we ban, sir!

If to your heart Cupid comes with a ring,

Keep the door shut and don't answer.

CHORUS.

Here's to the health of Hilarity Hall!

We're sorry for old Benedicktus.

To us Hymen's sweetness is wormwood and gall;

Thank goodness! he never has tricked us.

CHORUS.

[(Exeunt Brothers singing.)]

[(Enter Sisters.)]

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

CHORUS¹

Lightly, lightly; impolitely
We must not intrude;
Awkward entry is for gentry
Rigidly tabooed.
We have fleetly, and discreetly
Made our wilful way,
Through outrageously umbrageous
Cloisters green and gray.

Seraphina.

Since our mad flight we started,
Many hairpins have departed,
One by one.
We've jeopardized our ruffles
In our migratory scuffles,
But 'twas fun.
We find upon inspection
Each has tanned her fair complexion
In the sun.
'Tis quite an undertaking,
But the goal was worth the making,
And we've won!

¹ Air from "Princess Ida."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

So here they've founded their retreat hilarious,
Ignorant they of their estate precarious;
Poor witless wights, their airy castles raising,
Man's absolute incomprehension is amazing,
Yes, truly, man is but an ignoramus,
Blind as a bat, and for his folly famous.

They can run to earth a beetle or a mouse,
But there isn't one of them can run a house,
They can *darn* "the other fellow" at the polls,
But they couldn't darn a sock to save their souls;
They find *dust* in every *corner* with great vim
On the Stock Exchange; but here their vision's
dim;

They are Lords of all Creation, but they end in
subjugation

To a very little woman's little whim.

Celestina. Mercy! what a smell of tobacco!

All. 'Sh!

Cherubina. If we hadn't followed Brother
Ben——

All. 'Sh!

Angelina. I'm scared to death. I wish we
hadn't come.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

All. 'Sh!

Beatifica. That dreadful wall! I think I've sprained my——

All. 'Sh!

Seraphina. Oh, what's this?

All. 'Sh!

Seraphina. Oh! Stockings!

Beatifica. Turn off the hose!

Gloriana. The Chaperon'll catch you if you don't watch out!

Angelina. Oh, see this book!

All. What is it?

Beatifica. It may be private!

Gloriana. That settles it. We *must* see it.

Cherubina (reading title). "Reveries of the Bachelors." (Opens it.) Oh! Listen to this—
(reads)—"Woman is worse than a crime, she's a blunder."

All. Oh!

Cherubina. Signed, "Brother Pugnatus."
Beast!

Celestina (reads). "There never would have been any women if the first man hadn't been caught napping."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

All. Oh!

Celestina. Signed, "Brother Erraticus." Pig!

Beatifica (reads).

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
You're often jolly hard to please;
But when things leave good fortune's level,
Why, then you are the very ——

All. 'Sh!

Beatifica. Signed, "Brother Hilarius." Brute.

Angelina (reads). "Woman has been called
the Sphinx; but the Sphinx is silent."

All. Oh!

Angelina. Signed, "Brother Preposterus."
Cat!

Seraphina (reads). "Woman is like necessity;
she knows no law."

All. Oh!

Seraphina. Signed, "Brother Anonymus."
Idiot.

Gloriana (reads). "A little woman is a dangerous thing."

All. Oh!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Gloriana. Signed, "Brother Robusticus."

Chump!

MONOLOGUE

Gloriana.

Friends, Romans and Countrymen! Lend me
your ears;

I come to blame the Chaperon, not to praise her.

The evil that men do lives *after* them;

The evil women do lives all the time

And walks with them from day to day, and
pesters

All whom it comes in contact with.

So is it with the Chaperon. The noble Burglar

Hath told you the Sisters were rambunctious;

If it were so, it were a grievous fault,

And grievously the Chaperon punished it.

Here, without leave of the Burglar or the rest,

For the Burglar is a miserable man!

So are they all; all miserable men—

Come I to speak the Chaperon's tyranny.

She was our friend, faithful and just to us,

But the Burglar says we are rambunctious.

The Burglar is a miserable man!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

He brought a few small presents to our home,
And overflowing thanks our hearts did fill.
Did this in the Sisters seem rambunctious?
And when the Burglar stormed the Sisters wept;
Rambunctious ones are made of sterner stuff.
Yet the Burglar says we are rambunctious;
Oh, sure, he is a miserable man!
I speak not to disprove what the Burglar spoke,
But I am here to speak what I do know,
(I ought to know it; I've studied it enough).
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now;
(Alas! I thought so, even the seats are in tiers).
You all do know this mantle! I remember
The first time that I ever put it on;
'Twas on a summer evening in July—
But that was long ago. And now it's most worn
out.

To-day we overcame our nervousness,
Escaped the Chaperon's watching eye and came,
Through many trials and vicissitudes,
To investigate the Hall of Bachelors,
And as we scrambled over rocks and stones.
Look at this place that Celestina tore!
See what a rent small Cherubina made!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

And here where Beatifica has grabbed.
This was the most unkindest cut of all,
For when the watching Chaperon saw us run
She caught, but could not keep me, for you know
"The biggest one's the one that gets away."
And so we Sisters all ran over here,
And while pursuing us the Chaperon fell!
Oh, what a fall was that, my countrymen!
Then you and I, and all of us fell down
Among the tangled briars and fallen trees;
But nothing daunted, on we sped until
We reached our goal and found the Brothers'
Hall.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts—
(I am no robber as the Burglar is),
And as I told you first, I want your ears,
I do not want your hearts.

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Tell you the Chaperon's rules—hard, harsh, cruel
rules—

And bid them speak for me. But were I the
Chaperon,

And were she Gloriana, there were a chaperon
Would lighten up your spirits and put a veto

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

On every law of the Burglar's. And would make
Each Sister's voice to rise in eulogy!

(*Bell rings.*)

Celestina. I'll to the window and see what
may be seen.

RECITATIVE—¹

Celestina.

With sharpened eyes and quickened hearing
I wait the bold intruder's nearing;
My heart into my throat is rising,
Which, after all, is not surprising.

Oh, girls! oh, girls! I see —— I see ——

All.

Yes, Celestine; you see —— you see ——

Fish, flesh or fowl,

Or monkish cowl.

What do you see? You see —— you see ——

¹ Air from "Pinafore."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Celestina.

I see the castellated towers

Rise to the sunset sky—*who is it?*

I see the birds from leafy bowers

In startled terror fly—*who is it?*

All.

Who can it be?

Who can it be?

Celestina.

I hear a step, oh, dear; oh, dear;

'Tis coming near; 'tis coming near!

All.

She hears a step, she hears a tread;

The hour of doom is drawing near.

For goodness' sake, pull in your head,

Or we shall be discovered; oh, dear!

Angelina.

Listen! Down the great quadrangle

Echoing footsteps drawing nearer;

Listen to the dead leaves rustled

By the intruder's sweeping garments.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Cherubina.

Crane your neck, oh, Angelina!

Who and what is the intruder?

Tell us true and tell us quickly.

Beatifica. Is it now perchance Pugnatus?

Gloria. Or Erraticus, the rascal?

Seraphina. Or that one they call Preposterus?

Celestina. Or Hilarius, the happy?

Cherubina. Or Robusticus, the rugged?

Beatifica. Or Anonymus?

Angelina. By no means,

'Tis the Chaperon!

All. Good gracious!

Gloriana. What a fortunate thing it is that the codes of comic opera provide for emergencies of this description. Now, in real life we should have to fly off in undignified haste. As it is, we can make our hurried exit in peace and quietness, because, you know, in opera this is just the place where they always stop and sing. The shorter the time the longer the song. The quicker they have got to get away the slower they sing.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

The more danger of being overheard, the louder the chorus.

Beatifica. In fact, just when they ought to sing small they shout at the top of their lungs.

Gloriana. Exactly; sing away! but the Chaperon'll catch you if you don't watch out!

CHORUS¹

In an agitated splutter,
In a helter-skelter crush;
In a flurry and a flutter
From the Chaperon we rush.
Panic-stricken we escape her,
Terror-stricken we vacate;
Should she catch on to this caper,
Horrible will be our fate!

In accelerated hurry,
At a rattling pace we hie;
In a scamper and a skurry
Instantaneously fly.

¹ Air from "The Gondoliers."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Heeding naught in our mad exit;

Flying frantic to and fro.

Wild our stampede, nothing checks it;

Hither! Thither! Off we go!

[(Sisters conceal themselves behind screen, very deliberately.)]

[(*Enter Gabriella.*)]

Gabriella.

I'm the Chaperon, gay and frisky,

And the rôle that I have to play

Is decidedly rash and risky,

And I know I'll slip up some day.

Diplomacy is all very well, but for a person of my open and ingenuous nature it is almost impossible to keep this up. It was certainly an inspiration of genius that led me to think of coming over here to suggest to the Brothers that our garden is easy of access and delightful of situation, and the wall conveniently low. If I can only succeed in bringing these pseudo-celibates under the influence of our moonlight and roses, the girls will do the rest. It would have

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been easier, of course, if I could have had Robin's co-operation, but I could never have brought him here. Here—among old associates—where everything would remind him and perhaps drag him back to the degradation from which I have rescued him. Here—where among his old chums and his old pipes he would sink to his former level. Oh! man is weak, and tobacco is strong! So he must never suspect that I have been here, and the men must never come to Robin's Nest when he is at home. The task will be difficult, but I shall have my reward when all the girls are settled down and we have no more of this settling up. Now, as Robin will be away this evening, I shall invite the Brothers over, and if the girls will only promise—

All [(appearing)]. We will! We will!

SOLO¹

Gabriella.

Since the manners of young women are a mark
for criticism,

¹ Air from "Utopia, Limited."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

And the unsophisticated girl is an anachronism—

All. Anachronisms surely are improper!

Gabriella.

With authoritative arrogance the journals of
our nation
Instruct inquiring ignorance in every situation.

All. And journals surely should know what is proper!

Gabriella.

You'll find it all in "Answers to our Lady Correspondents,"
Advice to Gushing Girlhood and Sweet Solace
to Despondents,
Receipts for the Complexion, and for Disciplines
Diurnal.

All.

In short, for each emergency our oracle's the
journal.

The journal! The journal!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

CHORUS

Here lies the whole solution
In the thorough revolution,
That the Journal has effected in propriety,
With its "Heart to Heart" responses
And its rules for scouring sconces,
And its rules for good behavior in Society.

Gabriella.

Observe that to "*Ophelia*" this wise counsel has
been proffered,

"No. Do not say you'll marry him until the man
has offered."

All. To take an unmade offer is improper!

Gabriella.

And thus to "Lolly Gagger" they reply with
indignation

"We certainly do *not* approve promiscuous
osculation."

All. To kiss on first acquaintance is im-
proper!

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Gabriella.

Jane says, "I like Alonzo Green. Would I be wrong in calling?"

To Jane: "Your wish unmaidenly is really quite appalling!"

"A delicate decorum is of etiquette the kernel."

All. And exit Jane, prostrated by the jeerings of the Journal!

(CHORUS.)

Gabriella. Now, girls, you must understand that anything of the nature of encouragement is unmaidenly, and must not be permitted. Girls *have* been known to drop a handkerchief, or a ribbon, or a glove, as a token; which, of course, *you* would never think of doing. For, if you should leave any of these things, their masculine curiosity would be excited, and they *might* think of returning them—in person—which would, of course, be very sad.

All (carefully following her instructions). It would indeed be *very sad!*

(*Voices heard in distance.*)

Gabriella. The men! the men! If you don't go out, you'll be put out.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Seraphina. We shall be put out if we do.

Angelina. Oh, let us stay to have 'st one little peep.

Celestina. Just one little look!

Gabriella. No! No! (*Exeunt omnes.*)

(*Enter the Brothers, laughing heartily.*)

Robusticus. Cease, cease, I pray thee! By 'r lakin, I have laughed till I can laugh no more, and the inner man calls right loudly.

Preposterus. Aye, marry! And with me! For though a mirthful tale be the best relish to dinner, it fills neither porringer nor platter.

'Anonymus. By my halidome, and so say I! An after-dinner speech is ever the best speech. Bestir thyself, Brother Pugnati^{us}.

Pugnati^{us}. Nay, do thou go and bestir the soup, and see that thou fall not in.

Erraticus. Not he, Brother Pugnati^{us}. Far more prone is he to fall out.

Hilarius. By the great Horn Spoon, cease this buffoonery! This, our hall, hath more the air of the den of a brawling brotherhood than the abode of peaceful gentlemen. Make short

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

shift of this clutter, that we may dine orderly. Brother Robusticus, hie thee to thy hosen. And thou, Brother Erraticus, intrench thyself behind thy trenchers. Brother Pugnatus, thou art but an idle feather-head—dust! Brother Anonymus, stow away thy churn, lest thou stir up dissensions with thy mad dashings. Brother Preposterus, music, methinks, doth ever lighten labor. Air thou some of thy favorite crotchets, whilst I record the minching matrimonial mutterings of that benighted Benedicktus.

Erraticus. Beshrew Brother Benedicktus! He hath in his fool's pate the notion that women be angels.

Anonymus. Faith! Not angels, but angles, say I.

Preposterus. By the great Panjandrum! It behoveth me to tune up to lighten this peevish humor of melancholy which sits but ill upon thee.

Hilarius. Ay, do thou so!

(*Each Brother having gone to his place findeth the token left by a Sister, whereat he gazeth won-*

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

deringly, and is straightway seized by the tender passion.)

SOLO¹

Robusticus. Well, this is a rummy start!

All. I am in love! I am in love!

Robusticus. What's the matter with my
heart?

All. I am in love!

Robusticus. For my pulse has got a jag,
I am in love; I am in love;
And my wits are playing tag,
I am in love!
Something's raised the deuce
with me.

I am in love; I am in love;
Who in thunder can she be?
I am in love!

For my heart goes pit-a-pat.
Hang it all! Where am I at?

All. I am in love, etc.

¹ Air from "The Pirates of Penzance."

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SOLO

Preposterus.

Love's a fever intermittent.

Love's a microbe anthracis.

Love's paresis—Love's heart-failure.

Love is life's paralysis.

Love lies lurking unsuspected

Every man is unprotected,

Each of us may be infected

With miasm such as this.

SOLO

Robusticus.

Yes, I quite agree with you.

What you say is very true.

Every man bears on his face

All the symptoms of this case.

So in homeopathy

We must seek the remedy.

If correct we diagnose

We must each of us propose.

All.

We'll propose! Ah, yes, propose!

END OF ACT II

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ACT III

TIME. Evening.

SCENE. Garden at Robin's Nest.

Sister ANGELINA,	Sister SERAPHINA,
“ CELESTINA,	“ BEATIFICA,
“ CHERUBINA,	“ GLORIANA.

CHORUS¹

'Neath night's obscurity,
In all security,
To due maturity
Our plans we bring.

We're easy mentally,
And incidentally
Posed ornamentally
We sit and sing.

¹ Air from "Princess Ida."

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SOLO

Celestina.

By trivial token vows may be broken;
A trifle tender may cause surrender;
By ribbon rosy and careless posy,
Sly Cupid shows he is worldly-wise.

CHORUS.

Moonlight and flowers in idle hours,
Will draw a mortal across love's portal;
The brothers flouting, with scornful scouting,
Will beyond doubting materialize.

CHORUS.

And since these skeptics (no doubt dys-
peptics),
Do with temerity deny Love's verity,
Without confession of their transgression,
We no concession will authorize.

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CHORUS.

'Angelina. They'll have to break up their Retreat, before they can make any advances.

Cherubina. Not only their retreat, they'll have to break their vows, their fetters, their silence—

Seraphina. While we break their hearts.

Celestina. And the record!

'Gloriana. Men are always dead-broke, anyway. And they call themselves "Lords of Creation," when each of them is an humble subject of the Woman's Empire. They insist they are "Monarchs of all they survey." They must be very short-sighted. Leaders of men! Bah! Followers of women! After all Madame Grand is right, ours is the superior sex; and from this *Grand Stand* of superiority, woman looks down on man's arena, and views his groveling gyrations, his sentimental somersaults, all his amatory acrobatics. She stoops to his low level, and stooping, conquers. The winner and the won; prize and prize-giver; award and awarder! Woman! the peerless product of the centuries'

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

civilization, the queenly quintessence of logic and learning, the perfect pattern of polished propriety, the lustrous luminary enlightening the world, the pinnacled paragon of perfection!

Beatifica. Yes, that's all very well, Gloriana, but the pinnacle has its disadvantages. Listen to the sad experience of one who like ourselves lived on the heights.

MONOLOGUE

Beatifica.

Once on a time—the good old days—
A Princess lived, the story says,
Whose beauty set the world ablaze
With human hearts as fuel;

Her eyes were diamonds, all a-shine;
Her ruby lips, in curving line,
Disclosed two rows of pearls. In fine,
She was a perfect jewel!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Like cream and peaches shone her skin,
A saucy dimple cleft her chin;
She might have been the heroine
Of any Duchess' novel!

All.

Now here our interest begins;
We're like this maid as are two pins;
We all might pose as heroines
Of any Duchess' novel.

Beatifica.

But not alone in charm of face
This damsel took the foremost place;
She'd every known and unknown grace
For which our race has battled.

She was Perfection's Perfect Pink.
A thoughtless thought she could not think;
At wayward ways she would not wink;
She never, never tattled!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

All kinds of housework she could do;
Everything knowable she knew;
She could have given pointers to
All Sarah Grand's young women!

All.

If we correctly follow you,
The marked resemblance still holds true;
We could, no doubt, give pointers to
All Sarah Grand's young women.

Beatifica.

To woo this scintillating star,
Swift suitors came from near and far;
From Timbuctoo and Zanzibar,
And from the Bay of Fundy.

In doublets slashed and bonnets gay,
They came and saw, and said their say.
She'd ten proposals every day,
And one thrown in on Sunday.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

To make a choice she vainly tried;
Each youth with eagerness she eyed;
She found it irksome to decide
 Among such shoals of suitors.

All.

Poor girl! she *was* severely tried!
Each one of us might be a bride
If we could only *quite* decide
 Among our shoals of suitors.

Beatifica.

Then—at the last—a suitor came
Of lineage long and noble name,
Untouched by any blur of blame,
 And yet distinctly human!

And him she chose to be her mate,
To guide with her the helm of State;
To challenge formidable Fate,
 And wed the Perfect Woman.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

But when they stood up side by side
And trumpets blared, Behold the bride!
In sudden shame he dropped and died;
The contrast was *too awful!*

All.

Yes! Every man who woos a Bride
Courts unintentioned suicide.
Mere Man to Perfectness allied!
The contrast *is* too awful!

Beatifica.

When the presumptuous man dropped dead
Each suitor, losing heart and head,
Incontinently turned and fled;
He had no wish to tarry.

And there the luckless lady stood!
A creature far too bright and good
For human nature's daily food—
Too good for Man to marry!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

The moral is not far to seek—

Don't be *too* good. Don't be *too* meek;

Try to be wicked once a week,

Or twice, if necessary;

Because, in these degenerate days,

Idealism never pays.

The Perfect Girl's the Girl men praise,

But not the Girl men marry!

All.

We're naturally good and meek,

Just like the girl of whom you speak;

But we'll be wicked once a week,

Or twice if necessary.

We do not *care* for manly praise,

We'd rather walk our single ways,

But men, poor things, must now-a-days

Have *somebody* to marry!

Seraphina. Well, then, to be any good, one must be a little bad?

Angelina. Yes, at least once a week.

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Cherubina. Well, here it is, Friday, this week's nearly gone, and we haven't done a decently villainous thing yet.

Celestina. That's so and we can never meet those men on their own level unless we come off the perch.

Beatifica. Well, here is the key to the situation, a theft, and a clandestine appointment are villainies enough for one week.

Gloriana. Yes, let's go and unlock the gate at once, so that if those meandering men should come this way, they may pass in at an easy gate, and strike the bridal path.

Beatifica. They can't get in without the key. It is said, "Love laughs at lock-smiths," but I think his grin is mostly *chagrin*. Gracious, here's the Burglar. Here, hide this somewhere, somebody!

Cherubina. Give it to me, where shall I hide it?

Angelina. Here! (Indicating Robin's coat pocket.) (Enter Robin.)

Robin. Well, you all seem to be on the *qui vive*!

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All. We are.

Celestina. Are thou going out, Robin, to-night?

Robin. Going out robbin'? Yes, I should say so. Your extravagance keeps me busy. Do you know you are eating half the population of this county out of house and home? (Looks for key.)

Cherubina. What are you looking for?

Robin. My overcoat. Ah, here it is! (Puts coat on.)

Beatifica. Oh, you don't need an overcoat this warm night.

Gloriana. Oh, not your overcoat, you look so much better without it.

(*Enter Gabriella.*)

Gabriella. My dear! You'll surely be late! The theatre will be over and you can't get into the Goulderbilt's flat.

Robin. I'm off.

(Girls intimate to Gabriella by gestures where the key is.)

Gabriella. Oh, wait, your collar is getting up. (Hums a tune.)

Robin. Anybody's choler would get up, with

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

such a parcel of women pecking round, and you singing out of tune.

Gabriella (gaily). Oh, sometimes I strike the key! (Finds key in pocket.)

(*Gabriella* lays key on wall. *Erraticus* appears from behind wall and takes it, then disappears again.)

(*Gabriella* points to where she supposes key to be.)

Robin. Good-by.

(*Exeunt Robin and Gabriella.*)

All. Good-by.

Angelina. Now for that key!

Celestina. Why, it isn't here!

(Girls search unsuccessfully for key, then sit down at foot of wall. Men's heads appear above wall.)

Cherubina. Where *is* that key? I feel creepy. *Gabriella* certainly put it there. Are these spirits present?

Beatifica. Plenty of high spirits.

Angelina. Girls, do *you* believe in ghosts?

Seraphina. Ghosts! Nonsense!

Angelina. But have you never felt that there

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

might be unseen beings above and around us, watching over us, hearing our every word, longing and yet unable to communicate with us?

All (huddling together). U—ugh—h!

Gloriana. You scare me stiff! But who's afraid? Come, let's look for that key!

Hilarius (on wall). Come on!

(*Exeunt girls.*)

Erraticus (emerging). Oh, come off!

Hilarius (vaulting over). Over the fence is out! Ha! Ha!

Preposterus (coming over.) Over the wall is in!

Robusticus. Are you through?

Anonymus. No, I only wish we were! The worst is to come. How the dickens am I to propose? I don't know how to propose.

Pugnatius. Oh, that's all right. Man proposes, as a woman poses, by instinct.

Hilarius. But the chief thing is, are we thoroughly resolved to renounce our renunciations, retire from our retirement, and throw off these symbols of celibacy?

All. We are!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

CHORUS OF BROTHERS¹

SOLO—*Robusticus*.

Excuse this surly scowl,
These blinkings like an owl.

It makes us swear
These hoods to wear,
It makes us grunt and growl;
So doff this monkish cowl.

CHORUS—Yes, yes, yes; we'll doff this monkish
cowl.

These ropes that knotted hang,
We drop without a pang;
Monks on a string,
Suggestions bring
Of the orang-outang.
So let this rope go hang!

CHORUS—Yes, yes, yes; we'll let this rope go
hang!

¹ Air from "Princess Ida."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

This cassock we, no doubt,
Can do quite well without;
It clogs our feet
When on the street
We try to walk about.
So fire this cassock out.

CHORUS—Yes, yes, yes; we'll fire this cassock
out!

(Enter Sisters.)

DUET¹

Cherubina and Robusticus.

C. How dare you come here uninvited?

R. Excuse this unconventional call.

C. Perhaps you think that we're delighted?

R. Oh, no, no, no! Oh, not at all!

C. We wish we might this dangerous step
shun.

R. You're too particular, my dear!

C. We hate dissembling and deception.

R. Of this one case pray make exception.

C. We'll modify our cool reception.

R. I'm very, very glad I'm here!

¹ Air from "1492."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Both.

Let not conventionality
Our paths divide,
Nor let formality
Our feelings hide;

Each maiden's charity
All doubt dispels;
Knights of Hilarity
Greet Convent Belles!

C. But still I feel some slight confusion.

R. That rising blush becomes you well.

C. But how explain this bold intrusion?

R. The only way is not to tell.

C. The Chaperon's a social dragon.

R. Her direst wrath I do not fear.

C. For hours incessantly she'll nag on.

R. (In that case I shall get a jag on.)

C. And still this good old world will wag on.

R. I'm very, very glad I'm here.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Both.

Let not conventionality
Our paths divide,
Nor let formality
Our feelings hide.

Each maiden's charity
All doubt dispels;
Knights of Hilarity
Greet Convent Belles!
(*Enter Gabriella and Robin.*)

Gabriella. Well, introductions seem to be superfluous, but no well-conducted chaperon ever omits them. No comic opera is complete without an introduction, and these gentlemen seem skilled in making overtures.

CHORUS

Men.

'Tis strange we have not met before,
Though in such near proximity.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Girls.

It does seem strange, at such close range,
But we were not to blame.

Men.

This unexpected honor much disturbs
Our equanimity.

Girls.

That may be so, but still, you know,
You get there just the same.

*All.*¹

Sing, Hey!
Sing, How do you do?
And how are you?
I've often heard of you,
And thought of you, too.
Now that we meet,
And the chain is complete,
To kind Fate we bow,
And we curtsey, oh!

¹ Air from "Princess Ida."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Robin (to men). Brace up, you fellows, and get it over! (Men groan.)

Gabriella (to girls). Make it as easy for them as possible. (Girls groan).

Hilarius (aside). I'd rather be shot!

Angelina (aside). I wish I had some powder.

Pugnatius (aside). I know I'll lose my head.

Seraphina (aside). I think I shall drop my eyes.

Preposterus (aside). My heart is in my throat.

Cherubina (aside). They are choked with emotion.

Robusticus (aside). I want to speak, but something seals my lips.

Celestina (aside). This seems to be a case of sealed proposals.

Anonymous (aside). My name is mud! I know it is.

Beatifica (aside). Well, if we accept this contract, we'll have to take the men's names.

Erraticus (aside). I feel like a fish out of water.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Gloriana (aside). The Chaperon'll catch you, if you don't watch out!

Men. H'm—Ha—'Er. Ladies, if you will only take us seriously—

Girls (coyly). Oh, this so sudden!

(CHORUS.)

RECITATIVE.

Robin (to men.)

Now, then, make your preparations,
Reach the point by slow gradations,
Dexterous and deft.

Calm your pulses, cool your fervor
Show the necessary nerve, or
You'll get badly left.

RECITATIVE.

Gabriella (to girls).

Don't display undue elation,
Nor excessive trepidation,
Cease your coquetries.

In these trying circumstances,
You are sure to lose your chances,
If you temporize.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Girls. Oh, dear!¹

Men. Brace up!

(Pompously)

We have come here from halls Baronial,
With proposals matrimonial;
We've agreed with unanimity,
To show deference to Dimity;
We've been decidedly deliberate.
Going on at a Van Bibber rate,
Till at last our cowls we doff for you,
And our hands and hearts we offer you.

Girls (with mock humility).

We are overwhelmed with gratitude
At your matrimonial attitude;
We acknowledge with demurity
Our comparative obscurity;
We admit your generosity,
And your mad impetuosity,
But before our hearts we liberate,
We must carefully deliberate.

¹ Air from "*Pirates of Penzance*."

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Men.

We have waited with propriety,
And a measure of anxiety,
For replies (we trust congenial),
To our overtures hymeneal;
Since so much we've thrown away for you,
Do not make us further stay for you,
Oh, be no longer dumb to us,
But hear our prayer and come to us.

Girls.

The reply that we must make to you,
We're afraid will cause heart-ache to you;
We have tried to meet concedingly
The appeal you put so pleadingly;
We have weighed the *pro* and *con* of it,
And decided to have none of it,
And though our thanks we owe to you,
We're compelled to answer "No" to you.

Hilarious. Rejected!

Preposterous. Oh, I shall never get over this!

Erraticus. This is a crushing blow!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

*Pugnati*us. Returned with thanks!

Robusticus. If they only knew what they've missed!

Anonymous. (Holding up glove). So this glove turned out a mitten!

Girls (eagerly). But we'll be sisters to you!

Robin (aside to Gabriella). There, the whole thing's fallen through; your fault entirely!

Gabriella (aside to Robin). There, I knew if you took this in hand, you'd put your foot in it!

Girls (tentatively). But we can still be friends?

Men (doubtfully). Oh, yes, we can still be friends.

CHORUS

Here's to Hilarity,

Jolly good comrades, we;

We are well-met, and merry yet,

So sing with me.

Sing of the death of care,

Drudgery and despair,

Sing of a life with laughter rife

And free as air.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Here in content we sing,
None of us bothering,
Though in the world's mendacious mart
Men fret and smart.

Though in a morbid mood,
Greedy for solitude,
Anchorite grim, in cloister dim,
May sit and brood.

We have the better plan,
Frivolous, fearless, free,
Every girl and man
Pledged to Hilarity.
Ha! Ha! Ha!

DUET

Seraphina and Preposterus.

So no more we'll fritter away,
Golden hours in idle pursuing;
Fickle Fortune's radiant ray
Does not seem to smile on our wooing.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Now, henceforth good friends we will be,
Here is balm for sadness and sorrow,
Calm content and sweet charity,
Peace for to-day, and joy for to-morrow.

CHORUS—Here's to Hilarity, etc.

END

THE PRINCESS LULIANA

CAST OF CHARACTERS

KING :

PRINCESS LULIANA :

THE COURT PHYSICIAN :

THE GODMAMMA :

PRINCE CORYDON :

CHORUS, ad lib.,

VOCAL NUMBERS

1. Chorus of attendants.....
2. RecitativeCOURT PHYSICIAN
3. Chorus of attendants.....
4. SoloCOURT PHYSICIAN
5. SoloPRINCE CORYDON

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

6. Quartet
KING, COURT PHYSICIAN, GODMAMMA,
PRINCESS

7. Duet
PRINCE CORYDON, PRINCESS (AS SIR SOLON
SAGE)

8. Duet
PRINCE CORYDON, COURT PHYSICIAN (AS
COURT PLUNKS)

9. SoloPRINCESS

10. SoloPRINCE CORYDON

11. DuetPRINCESS, PRINCE CORYDON

12. Trio..KING, GODMAMMA, COURT PHYSICIAN

13. Quartet and Chorus.....

SCENE. Throne-room of the Palace.

*(Enter Attendants and Godmamma bringing
garlands of flowers, &c., to decorate room.)*

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

CHORUS

MADRIGAL

Laughter lights the eyes of morning
Wakes the day to rosy mirth;
Oh, the adorning
Of the glad earth!
Shine happy sun on the vernal array,
Wake to thy frolicking freedom, Oh Day,
Wake!

Then the hilltops, cold, unblushing,
Feel Apollo's glances bright,
And, faintly flushing,
Wake to delight.
Shine, happy sun, for thy radiance thrills,
Wake to the kiss of the morning, Oh Hills,
Wake!

Now to Nature's careless thrumming,
Thrill of birds and buzz of bees
Lazily humming,
Wakes the soft breeze.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Shine, happy sun, on the whispering trees,
Wake to the murmurs of morning, Oh Breeze.
Wake!

Enter Court Physician (Recitative) :

A charming song, and sung to admiration,
Worthy the King, whom at my wise suggestion,
We wake each morning with such dulcet measure.
Now, to increase the Royal satisfaction,
And in accordance with the further promptings
Of my Majestic Mind, I bid you, lackeys,
Scatter now here, now there, the chosen blossoms,
Against the King's appearing.

Godmamma. Pray, your lordship, in what mood does our monarch find himself this morning?

Court Physician. The King, Dear Madam, is quite blue this morning.

Godmamma. Alack, what a misfortune! For this is the betrothal day of our beloved Princess, and we should all be gay and merry.

Court Physician. And gay and merry you must be, even though your high spirits are as-

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

sumed for the occasion. Go on with your work, for the King will soon appear.

CHORUS

(In march time, as the attendants proceed to decorate the room.)

When the King is cross and crusty,

And a victim of the blues;

And his wit's a trifle musty,

We, his tried attendants trusty,

Shake and shiver in our shoes.

Though our song be loud and lusty,

Yet we shiver in our shoes

When our monarch has the blues.

But, notwithstanding our secret fear,

We work and sing with right good cheer.

We sing tra, la la, la, la,

And we laugh ha ha, ha ha, ha ha,

While we wait for the King to appear.

Court Physician. Cease this hullabaloo! I have matters of great moment on my mind, and I wish no additional distraction.

Godmamma. But, Sir Wiseacre Bigwig, a

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

welcome to the King, as we anticipate his appearance, is the burden of our song.

Court Physician. That burden is more than I can bear. Begone, all of you, and at once.

(*Exeunt Chorus.*)

Court Physician (with satisfaction). Ah, that is the way to manage people. My little high-handed way always succeeds with the lower classes.

SOLO

Court Physician.

If there's one thing that's won me success in this life,

It's my little high-handed way.

For instance, you know, I eloped with my wife,

It's my little high-handed way.

I bully the servants and storm at the cook,

Shut the door in the face of a crank or a crook,

If any oppose me, I bring 'em to book,

It's my little high-handed way.

All the court is beneath my sway,

All the people my word obey,

The King dares but what I say he may,

It's my little high-handed way.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

I frequently snub my dearest friends,

It's my little high-handed way.

I use others' efforts to serve my own ends,

It's my little high-handed way.

To bores and advisers I merely say "Scat!"

If any ask favors, I knock 'em down flat;

If I don't like the music—I stop it—like *that!*

(Stops orchestra with a wave of his hand.)

It's my little high-handed way.

All the court is beneath my sway,

All the people my word obey,

The King dares but what I say he may,

It's my little high-handed way.

(Enter Prince Corydon.)

Court Physician. Who are you? And what is your business here?

Prince C. I am Prince Corydon, and I have come to sue for the hand of the Princess Luliana. Am I addressing the King, her father?

Court P. Well—er—not exactly the King in person. But it's all the same. I know the King's wishes—ay—far better than he knows them himself. Are you in love with the Princess?

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

SOLO

Prince Corydon.

A typical lover am I,
I pine and I languish;
I moan and I groan and I sigh,
In dolor and anguish
I writhe in despair and I weep,
My heart it is burning.
I can't either eat, drink or sleep,
So sadly I'm yearning.

Court P.

He's got it pat,
They're all like that,

A really, truly lover must be just like that.

Prince C.

A typical lover am I,
I've given up hoping;
For my lady I vow I would die,
In misery moping.
For her I would gladly commit
All known kinds of folly;
Or I would eternally sit
In mum melancholy.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Court P.

He's got it pat,
They're all like that,
A bona-fide lover must be just like that.

Prince C.

A typical lover am I,
I'm woful and weary;
I feel that the world is awry,
I'm doleful and dreary.
My life is enwrapped in a mist,
No hope can I cherish;
I know not for what I exist,
Nor care if I perish.

Court P.

He's got it pat,
They're all like that,
A regulation lover must be just like that.

Court P. Well, as a lover you seem to be all right; quite up to the conventional standard 1910 model, with all modern improvements. But he loves best who loves last. Do you know you have rivals?

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Prince C. I feared so, sir. But I hoped I could prevail on you to exert a modicum of your all-powerful influence on my behalf, and so make my success certain beyond all doubt.

Court P. (flattered). Ah—ha—hum—yes—a word from the wise is sufficient, as you seem to know. But what advantage will it be to me if I assist you?

Prince C. Why, as the son-in-law of the King, I shall have it in my power to favor you in many ways, and I assure you I shall not forget to do so.

Court P. Oh, I'll see to it that you don't forget. I like your looks, young man, and you seem to appreciate the importance of my position. I believe I'll tell you the plan for the Princess' betrothal, and then we'll see how we can further your interests.

(*C. P.* looks carefully around to make sure they are not overheard, and then continues) :

No one knows the plan but the King and myself. It is not to be divulged until the contest begins. But if I tell you of it, will you promise to have me appointed Keeper of the Keys of the

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Royal Cellar, as soon as you are in a position to do so?

Prince C. I will. Now tell me this plan, for I must win the beautiful Princess.

Court P. It is this: The King will ordain that three suitors may present themselves before the Princess and endeavor to win her favor, but on these conditions: Each may choose whether he will see her, speak to her, or touch her. Only one way may he choose. If he would speak to her, so be it; but he must then be blindfolded, and come not near to touch her in any way whatsoever. If he would see her, no word may he speak and touch her not at all. If he choose to touch her, even so much as to clasp her hand, he may neither see her nor speak to her. Then, whoever by his chosen means wins the favor of the Princess, on him shall she be bestowed.

Prince C. Only three applications are to be made?

Court P. Only three.

Prince C. And the Princess must accept one of them?

Court P. She must.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Prince C. You say there are other suitors?

Court P. There are two others: Sir Solon Sage, an old man of great learning, and Count Plunks, a middle-aged person of immense wealth.

Prince C. Ah, what chance do I have against such rivals? I have nothing to recommend me but youth and beauty.

Court P. Don't disparage yourself. Good looks are rather to be chosen than great riches—and you may please the Princess best of all.

Prince C. But I am not content to take the chance. I want to be sure of it. Can't you devise some plan by which her choice will be bound to fall upon me?

Court P. Of course I can! I can devise any number of such plans. The only trouble is to select one of the myriad plans with which my brain is already teeming. As an example, what do you think of this? Suppose you personate the other suitors, and woo the Princess under each of the three conditions, appearing as Sir Solon Sage, Count Plunks, and finally as yourself. She's bound to accept one of the three, and in any case you're the winner.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Prince C. But how can I personate these gentlemen.

Court P. Easily enough. Neither the King nor the Princess have ever seen them, and you're only to disguise yourself first as a wise old man and then as a nabob.

Prince C. But if she accepts me in either of those characters, how shall I explain?

Court P. Oh, don't explain. Simply say that you assumed the name for private reasons. That will impress them with your importance.

Prince C. But what about the two men? They won't consent to stay out of the affair.

Court P. Leave them to me. In my little high-handed way I will effectually dispose of them.

Prince C. So be it, then. I leave all the arrangements to you. But it doesn't seem quite right.

Court P. Oh, don't worry about that. The course of true love is the route of all evil, and Policy is the best Honesty. But the King approaches. Fly into yonder ante-room and wait there for me.

(*Exit Prince C.*)

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

King. Sir Wiseacre Bigwig! Where are you?

I desire your support.

Court P. Ay, sire; mental or physical?

King. Both. Why do I have advisers and assistants if not to be of use to me in time of need?

Court P. Most Gracious Majesty, your courtiers exist but to do your pleasure. For myself, I live only to guard and preserve your Majesty's health.

King. Ah, that's why you drink it so often, I suppose.

Court P. (blandly). Even so, sire. And, perhaps it would be safer for me to drink it now before you proceed to the business of the day.

King. You'll do nothing of the sort! If you're intrusted with the care of my Royal health, I do not wish you to be beside yourself while you're beside me.

Court P. (suavely). Quite so. I agree. I side with you in all things.

King (testily). Oh, how I am pestered with business. There's always something to be at-

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

tended to. What pretty piece of business have you got for me to-day?

Court P. A very pretty piece of business. The Princess Luliana.

King (softening a little). Ah, my dear daughter. And what about her?

Court P. Has your Majesty forgotten? To-day the Princess Luliana comes of age, and must, according to the custom of this court, be betrothed.

King (regretfully). Betrothed? My little Luliana? It seems but yesterday she was a bonny babe, caressing her kitten and kissing her doll.

Court P. Ay, sire; but Time has changed all that, and circumstances alter kisses.

King. Well, what is the outlook? Are there any suitors for her hand?

Court P. There are. To put it poetically, I can see three lovelorn swains wending their way up Lover's Lane. To put it prosaically, I advertised for sealed proposals, and I received three.

King. From whom?

Court P. (looking over letters.) From Sir Solon Sage, Count Plunks, and Prince Corydon.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

King. Good names, all. I wonder which would make the best husband for my pretty Luliana? But I shall abide by the test I have chosen.

Court P. Ay, it is a fair trial. Have you told the Princess the conditions?

King. I informed her of my will, and she now awaits my summons hither. Let her be called.

(Exit Court P.)

(Enter Princess Luliana, Godmamma and

Chrous ad lib.)

(Enter Court Physician from ante-room.)

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS

King, Court Physician, Princess and Godmamma

Princess.

A happy maiden I,
Contented with my life.

Godmamma.

You'll marry by and by
And be a happy wife.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

King.

'Tis your betrothal day.

Princess (petulantly).

I'd rather single stay.

Court P.

And you must be plighted,

Godmamma.

You should be delighted.

Princess.

I *wish* I could have my own way!

King.

Indeed you can't, you foolish chit.

Godmamma.

To the way of the world you must submit.

Court P.

And you needn't try to get out of it

For it is the way of the world.

CHORUS (ad lib.)

Of course, of course, you foolish chit,

To the way of the world you must submit.

And you needn't try to get out of it,

For it is the way of the world.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Princess L.

A happy maiden I,
Heart-whole and fancy free.

Godmamma.

But Princess, by and by,
Far happier you will be.

King.

You may be somebody's turtle dove,

Princess (cynically).

Till I'm cast aside like a worn-out glove.

Court P.

But your suitor's oblation,

Godmamma.

Wealth, wisdom and station.

Princess.

I *wish* I could marry for love.

(Quartette and Chorus as before.)

(*Exit attendants.*)

(*Exit Court Physician to ante-room.*)

Princess. Well, I don't mind seeing the specimens you have to offer me. Let them come in. I suppose I won't have to accept any of them unless I can find one to please me.

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King. Indeed, you *will* accept one, Miss. Let me tell you that although my kingdom is large, the coffers are much depleted of late, and your dowry is, of necessity, small. Have a care. Desirable husbands are not easily picked up, and very few rich and titled young men would be willing to marry you.

Princess (flippantly). Very few would be enough.

King. Cease such idle remarks. This is no time for jesting.

(*Enter Court Physician.*)

Godmamma. Be calm, your Royal Highness; this is a trying ordeal for you, and I fear it will tell upon your nerves.

Court P. Shall we not drink your health before the trial begins? I have your Majesty's physical well-being in my care.

King. What devotion to your profession!

Court P. Nay, Sire, 'tis but the profession of my devotion.

King. Let the first suitor advance.

(*Court Physicain* admits *Prince Corydon*,

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dressed as an old wise man. He is blindfolded and holds his hands clasped behind him.)

Court Physician. Sire, Princess, this is Sir Solon Sage. He has chosen to tell his love to the Princess Luliana.

Sir Solon Sage (bowing to vacancy, in several directions, and addressing the wall). Fair and noble Princess, I chose the privilege of speech with you, for I know that a love so deep and glowing as mine must lend additional and convincing eloquence to its own avowal. True, I am trammelled by my sightlessness, but Love itself is blind, and I need not see you to know you are beautiful beyond all comparison. Fairest one, loveliest mortal ever created, smile upon my suit.

(*Kneels before Court P.*)

Court P. (in stage whisper). You're making a mess of it. The Princess is across the room to your left.

Sir S. Sage (crossing and standing in front of Godmamma). Pardon the blunders of a blindfolded lover. But now will I let my heart guide

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me—speak, Princess, that I may know you are near me.

Princess (roguishly leaning over toward Godmamma). I am here.

Sir S. Sage (to Godmamma). Fairest of maidens—in the first flush of youth, unversed in the lore of love, to you I address my lover's plea.

Princess (who has left her seat and crossed the room). I am over here, Count.

Sir S. Sage. Ah, this confounded bandage. I am dizzy with turning round.

Court P. (sings) :

'Tis Love, 'tis Love,
'Tis Love that makes the world go round.

DUET

Sir S. S. (holding out his arms).

Princess, nearer come and nearest,

Princess (going away from him).

Just like this, oh, yes.

Sir S. Sage.

Are you gazing at me, dearest?

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Princess (turning her back to him).

Just like this, oh, yes.

Sir S. Sage.

When we're wed, your education

I'll conduct by conversation;

You'll enjoy this relaxation?

Princess (yawning and falling asleep).

Just like this, oh, yes.

Both.

Naught of bliss

Shall we miss.

We'll be happy, just like this,

As we go through life together,

You and I.

Sir S. Sage.

To a little peccadillo,

Princess (acting intoxicated).

Just like this, oh, yes.

Sir S. Sage.

You'll be lenient, say you will, oh,

Princess (scowling and shaking fist).

Just like this, oh, yes.

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Sir S. Sage.

In our marital relation
You will find your true vocation,
And you'll give up all flirtation.

Princess (throwing kisses and smiling at imaginary admirers).

Just like this, oh, yes.

Both (as he acts a little intoxicated and she berates him in dumb show).

Naught of bliss

Shall we miss.

We'll be happy, just like this,
As we go through life together,
You and I.

(Repeat Chorus *ad lib.*, as he looks devoted and sure of her affection, while she dances about and flirts with imaginary others.)

(*Exit Sir S. Sage.*)

Princess. Well—I'll never be tied for life to a stupid old thing like that.

King. But he seems to be very fond of you.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Court P.

A little Princess now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

Princess (returning to her throne). I wonder
what the next one will be like.

(*Enter Prince Corydon as a rich middle-aged man.*)

Court P. This is Count Plunks.

(He has a bandage over his mouth. He gazes
soulfully at the Princess.)

Princess. Ah, he is graceful and good-looking,
but he makes me quite fidgety, standing there like
a statue.

Prince C. (bows, and advancing to the Princess, kneels before her and woos her in dumb
show).

Princess (in answer to his gestures). No—yes
—I don't know—what do you mean? Oh, I forgot
you can't speak.

Godmamma (aside to Princess). Remember
how rich he is, my dear.

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King (aside to Princess). I think you'd better take him, Luliana. His rent roll must be immense.

Court P. He is a fine fellow; but words speak louder than actions. Let me help you, sir.

Count Plunks (looks at him as if deeply grateful; and as the Court Physician sings, Count Plunks' face expresses an entire agreement with the sentiment expressed, and with expression and gestures he seems to put words to the orchestral bits marked *, which, however, have no vocalized words.)

DUET (OR SOLO?)

Court Physician and Count Plunks.)

Court P.

Shall I avow that your love for the maiden
Is deep as the sea?

ORCHESTRA (on bass notes).

*Deep as the sea.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Court P.

When she doth smile your fond heart is laden
With jubilee?

ORCHESTRA (very staccato).

*With jubilee.

Court P.

Shall I say that her voice is like silvery bells?

ORCHESTRA (tinkling).

*Silvery bells.

Court P.

That its music your heart in an ecstasy swells?

ORCHESTRA (long swell).

*Ecstasy swells.

Court P.

But should she dismiss you with final farewells?

ORCHESTRA (sad and distinct).

*Final farewells.

Court P.

Upon your fond hopes would sound dolorous
knells,

ORCHESTRA (funeral knells).

*Dolorous knells.

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Court P.

Shall I avow that the future you proffer

Is glad as the birds?

ORCHESTRA (with thrilling bird-notes)].

*Glad as the birds.

Court P.

Though you are only permitted to offer

Songs without words?

FULL ORCHESTRA (or Silence).

*Songs without words.

Court P.

And now you are filled with a rapturous thrill,

ORCHESTRA (ecstatic tremolo).

*Rapturous thrill.

Court P.

And now with emotion your heart's standing still

ORCHESTRA (pp. and staccato).

*Heart's standing still.

Court P.

And now you'd break forth like a rippling rill,

ORCHESTRA (rippling runs).

*Rippling rill.

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Court P.

Or like a gay bobolink's twittering trill,

ORCHESTRA (like birds).

*Twittering trill.

(After the song, Count Plunks gazes idiotically at the Princess, who cries out:)

Princess. Take him away! I couldn't marry a man who is forever casting sheep's-eyes at me.

Godmamma. But I could see you caught his eye as soon as he entered the room.

(Count Plunks nods his head vigorously.)

Princess (peremptorily). Well, he won't do, anyhow; take him away.

(Count Plunks is dismissed and goes out, looking mournfully over his shoulder at the Princess.)

King. I wish you had accepted him, Luliana; he seems to be exceedingly rich.

Princess. I couldn't endure him! Why, he stared at me so affectionately he fairly made me blush.

Court P. Ah, one touch of nature makes the

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whole world blush. But you have yet another chance, Princess.

Princess. And I hope he will prove more attractive than the others. Show him in.

(Enter Prince Corydon. He is blindfolded and has a bandage round his head, covering his mouth.)

Court P. This is Prince Corydon. He has chosen neither to see nor to speak to the Princess, believing that if he may touch but her finger tips it will plead his cause more eloquently than word or look.

Princess (petuantly). I can't even imagine what he looks like with all those draperies on his face.

(The Prince has been standing motionless, in a dignified attitude, but, hearing her voice, he walks directly toward her and, with dramatic gesture, takes her hand. At his clasp, the Princess' face assumes a pleased expression, and she lets her hand linger in his. Tearing off the bandage from his mouth, he courteously kisses

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her hand which he holds, and then taking her other hand he holds both of hers in both of his own, and kisses both of her hands. The Princess becomes more and more pleased and beams on him, though, of course, he cannot see her. Then, disengaging one of his hands, he slips an arm around her, and the Princess nestles confidently to his side. He lifts her arms and places them around his own neck, and then embraces and kisses her fervently. All this to sentimental music. The other characters watch the proceedings with interest and approval.)

Princess. This is my chosen mate. I love him and he loves me. He has not said so in words, but I know and I'll say it for him—(to Prince)—I love you!

Prince C. Nods his head and smiles in a lover-like way.

SOLO

Princess Luliana.

My lover cannot speak,
So I'll speak for both.
I'm neither shy nor meek,
And I'm nothing loth.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

In this ecstatic hour
I admit Love's magic power,
For affection is a flower
 Of a sudden growth.
The position is unique,
 But I'm nothing loth;
My lover cannot speak,
 So I'll speak for both.

How often it's the curse
 Of a married life,
If a husband can't converse
 Like his charming wife?
They will both sit dull and dumb,
Feeling cross and looking glum,
And this way of keeping mum
 Is with dangers rife.
But no such fate I seek.
 I am nothing loth,
If my husband cannot speak
 I will speak for both.

Princess. And so, father, dear, if you please,
I will speak for Prince Corydon and myself, and
ask your consent to our betrothal.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Prince C. (Nods affirmatively, and stands by the Princess, taking her hand.)

King. Bless you, my children.

(*They embrace.*)

Court P. Come, come, osculation is the thief of time. Let us prepare the marriage settlements.

King. But, since Prince Corydon is now the accepted suitor of the Princess, the bandage may be removed from his eyes, and also he may be allowed to speak.

Prince C. (removing bandage and bowing low to King). I thank you, Sire. (Then turning to the Princess). Oh, Queen of my heart, a lifetime is all too short to contemplate your fair face.

SOLO

Prince Corydon.

Light of my eyes, you're a goddess in dimity;
Just to be near you is blessed proximity.
Though it disturbs my avowed equanimity,
Causes me many and turbulent sighs.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Charming to me is your happy vivacity,
Tinged with a winsome and merry audacity,
Which you employ with a wondrous sagacity.

Oh, you're adorable, Light of my Eyes!

And the felicity
Of your simplicity!
If a man miss it, he
Misses a prize.
Suitors all throng to you,
Honors belong to you;
I toss a song to you,
Light of my Eyes!

Queen of my Heart, you're a Princess Imperial,
Yet with the grace of an angel ethereal;
Dowered by Nature, 'tis quite immaterial
Whether or not you're indebted to art.
Though you are coy and demure as a shepherdess,
In your deep eyes glows the glance of a leopard-
ess;

To rouse your spirit is certainly jeopardous;
Yet I would dare it, O Queen of my Heart!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Fatal vicinity
Of your divinity;
When a man's in it he
 Cannot depart.
Look not so terrified;
Say, would you care if I'd
Make my words verified,
 Queen of my Heart?

Love of my Life, if the times were Colonial,
Or if we lived as in old days Baronial,
I'd lead you captive in chains matrimonial,
 For I would win you in chivalrous strife.
But, as it is, though I long for you yearningly,
I choose my time and my manner discerningly;
And if I woo you sincerely and burningly,
 Say, will you smile on me, Love of my Life?
 Grant opportunity,
 Then with impunity
 I'll propose unity—
 Ask you to wife!
Oh, tell me that if I
All your whims gratify,
Our troth you'll ratify,
 Love of my Life!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

DUET

Prince Corydon and Princess Luliana.

Never was a love like ours,
Radiant as the tropic flowers,
Sweet as any ring-dove's cooing,
Tender as the South-wind's wooing.
Never was a love like ours.

Romeo and Juliet
Loved each other fondly, yet
There's was but a passing notion
When compared to our devotion.
Never was a love like ours.

Dear, I love you—Dear, I love you.
Ah!

This old Earth has never seen
Such a love as ours, I ween;
Love so powerful, so divine,
As this love of yours and mine.
Dear, I love you—Dear, I love you!

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Orpheus and Eurydice

Loved in their half-hearted way;

But it was in puny fashion

When compared with our deep passion.

Never was a love like ours.

Abelard and Heloise,

And a hundred such as these,

Claim that they Love's flames have kindled,

But by ours, their claims have dwindled.

Never was a love like ours.

Dear, I love you—Dear, I love you.

Ah!

Never since the world began,

Was there maid or was there man

With a love so deep and true

As this love of mine for you.

Dear, I love you—Dear, I love you!

TRIO

King, Godmamma, Court Physician.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

King.

I can assure you, children, dear,
A father's heart 'twill gratify
This troth that you have plighted here
Officially to ratify.

Godmamma.

May Fortune bless the happy pair,
So youthful and so beautiful,
The Princess so high-born and fair,
The Prince so kind and dutiful.

Court P.

Now let the wedding marches play,
Strike up with gay avidity;
For bravely Cupid's won the day
(Assisted by cupidity.)

King.

Prince and Princess, glad and gay,

Godmamma.

Hail to your betrothal day;

Court P.

'Tis a merry time, forsooth,
Life is fair to loving youth.
Life is fair,

Tra—la—la—

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

Life is gay,

Tra—la—la—

You are in the Primrose Way.

Tra—la—la—

(Enter Chorus ad lib.)

Trio and Chorus.

Now the Princess has been plighted,

To the lover of her choice,

And, of course, we're all delighted

And, of course, we all rejoice.

And to show appreciation

Of the happy situation,

We sincere congratulation,

With enthusiasm voice.

DUET

Prince and Princess.

Our thanks are due

To each of you

For the kindly words you bring us.

PLEASANT DAY DIVERSIONS

We hear with glee
The melody
Of the merry song you sing us.

TRIO

King, Godmamma and Court P. and Chorus.

Tra—la—loo,
Fond and true,
Lovers' hearts are beating.
Tra—la—loo,
Listen to
Happy lovers greeting.

QUINTET AND CHORUS.

Sing, sing,
And gaily fling
Garlands of fair posies;
Weave, weave,
And interleave
Wreathes of rhymes and roses.

CURTAIN





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